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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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One Function of Fiction

IT is hard to see how a good many people seem to be able to keep the stories they read in quite a separate compartment of their minds from the stories they see enacted all around them. One function that good fiction performs, or certainly should perform, it seems to us, is to sharpen the reader's observation of the actual world. A great deal has been said about novels as nepenthe; and a certain type of novel is doubtless for entertainment only; and yet in even the light novels there may be happy characterization that is firmly rooted in real life. To read a novel should not be a mere seeking of escape from the world. In point of fact it is only because the writer has found the world so interesting and the sorts and conditions of men so fascinating that he has embarked upon a novel at all.

To read a good novel should serve to furbish the mirror of the mind till the shapes moving in it from the contacts of everyday assume, as they possess, their peculiar exceptional interest. Then it is really hard to see why, eventually, most readers should not turn into fairly acceptable novelists. Though we are far from suggesting that such a result would be an unmitigated boon! When the novelist gets away from the probabilities of real life and begins merely to concoct unconvincingly, to read on is proof that one is, indeed, merely seeking a drug to the processes of thought. But in a good novel the probabilities will be violated at furthest no more than the incredible things that happen in actual life violate them. And suddenly the small sequence of incidents that has been under our immediate observation all the time, and not between the pages of a novel either, takes on its proper significance. For merely of such sequences are novels made—most novels. We are not now speaking of fantastic flights nearer to poetry.

* * *

In one brief phrase: the novel teaches us to see life. Ordinarily we give it no more than a cursory glance, and because some particular worry or anxiety of our own happens to be in the foreground, we swear that is a dull and shabby spectacle. Yet the peculiarities of people around one—and these alone, both physical and mental,—can furnish almost endless combinations to acute observation. When we read a good novel we are being taught to observe, and not only the most obvious outward and visible signs, but the inward and spiritual graces—and disgraces—as well. And to learn how to observe people and situations is the surest cure for boredom there is. That novelists are able to do so is a gift for which they should be deeply grateful. If it makes them more sensitive to the tragedy and irony of life it also causes them to get "a great deal more out of it." And, whatever may be our humble station, it is what we "get out of it" that makes it worth while. Cows do not get bored just standing chewing a cud in a pasture, but most humans would.

Good novels are a part of life itself. They are not a substitute for life, they are part of the record of it. Meanwhile the novels that do not get written are being enacted all around you. Certain dramatic effects in these, certain striking contrasts of tragedy and comedy, are quite as good as anything you can find between the pages of a book. In fact, if "a chiel's amang ye," you may be surprised some day to see those very incidents incorporated in a work of fiction. Those who read novels because they consider all of them merely Graustark-country or a Never-Never Land have no proper comprehension of the world they are in or of the life they are living.

This all may seem most obvious. But it is a strange fact that the average reader often puts life and fiction into quite separate compartments in his mind, and "never the twain shall meet." Either he thinks that such things as sometimes happen in novels don't ever happen in real life or that a story told to entertain must necessarily be dressed up as life never actually embellishes it. Which is, of course, quite untrue. The novelist is compelled to telescope the passing of time. That is about the only difference. The trouble with the reader is the old trouble, he is straying through life without actually observing it.

If you look into the colors of a deep wood you will not be able to see truly or enumerate the familiar hues. But have a good painter at your elbow and he can help you see. That green is not just simply green. After you have been looking at it a few moments, with his help, you will be able to see the other colors. Just so,—you have always known John Smith. There is nothing peculiar about John. He is a very average, a most humdrum character. But turn a novelist loose on him and you will be sur-

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I Have Loved This World

By LOLA RIDGE

I HAVE loved well this world that thou hast made
Of excellent proportions, with the sweat,
Of light upon thy forehead. Intimate
As hands in the dim midnights on me laid,
And dearer, the wind's touch, the salt blown spray.
The too tenacious fingers, inly curled,
The eyes that sought me . . . or that looked away. . .
I have loved tolerably . . . but the world,
With all the bright companions of its flight,
Is the exalted image I shall keep
Until the last intrusion of the light
That for some secret, unimagined sake,
When I would drift deliciously to sleep,
As one who sinks in snow, stings me awake.

This Week

"The Decline of Merry England."
Reviewed by FREDERIC MILNER.

"Annals of the New York Stage."
Reviewed by GEORGE PIERCE BAKER.

"The Man Who Died."
Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT.

"Slow Smoke."
Reviewed by DOROTHY CANFIELD.

"A Journey to China."
Reviewed by FLORENCE AYSCOUGH.

"Henry James: Letters to A. C. Benson."
Reviewed by ARTHUR COLTON.

Pegasus Perplexing: A Charade Contest.

Compte Rendu.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Next Week, or Later

"Shadows on the Rock."
Reviewed by GOVERNOR WILBUR CROSS.

An Ornament of Literature*

By H. A. L. FISHER

Former Member of the British Cabinet

DURING the last two decades Edmund Gosse occupied a distinguished position in the social and literary life of the country. In youth he had been known as a graceful and musical poet, much under the influence of Swinburne, and from time to time he would show to the world in later life that his early and happy gift of versification had not deserted him; but it was not as a poet that we mainly thought of Gosse; indeed I doubt whether his poems were ever very widely read, or whether their easy melodies—too easy, some would have them—are likely to commend themselves to contemporary taste. The reputation of Gosse in later life was founded on three things, first upon an autobiographical masterpiece, secondly upon his own power of discriminating literary criticism, and thirdly upon the wit and grace of his conversation. In London no one was a more welcome dinner guest than Edmund Gosse. His mere presence was sufficient to dispel any apprehension that the talk would proceed with a heavy gait, or the company fall a victim to a ponderous soliloquy.

R. L. Stevenson once described Gosse's conversation as "singing like a fireside kettle," or "letting fall a crystal of wit so fine that the dull do not perceive it, so light that the sensitive are silenced."

It may be doubted whether a really great man could ever be so entrancing a talker as Edmund Gosse, for while Gosse was sensitive, no one more so, to the splendors and depths of great literature, he had a passionate interest in the private life of authors, and in every incident, more particularly if it were grotesque, of their appearance, bearing, and conversation. His zest, almost amounting to a passion in social gossip of the present, as well as gossip of the past, his vast and accurate memory, the quickness and lightness of his rapier thrusts, his gay malice and rare vocabulary coupled with careful avoidance of all temptation to solemnity, made him the most entertaining of companions.

* * *

He had another trait which belongs to genius. Though he lived to be nearly eighty, he was never old. He could always be relied on to provide the best entertainment of anybody in the company. Nobody was ever less of a *laudator temporis acti*. He liked to be surrounded by young men of letters, and was warmly appreciative of their work. In the admirable volume in which Mr. Evan Charteris has commemorated his close friendship with this attractive man of letters there is no trait which he has brought out more prominently than the generosity with which Gosse was ever ready to appreciate the good work of younger men. This pleasant accessibility to the young, this eagerness to be in the movement, taken into connection with his acknowledged competence in the writer's craft, gave him a very special position in the literary circles of London. It would be absurd to regard him as a Nestor of literary criticism, for nobody was less patriarchal either in appearance or manner, but he was looked up to as a delightful friend, a sane counsellor, and the best fun in the world.

I do not wish to be accused of attempting to draw an ideal character. Mr. Charteris has made no concealment of his friend's very manifest foibles. The extreme sensibility, which was the foundation of Gosse's excellence as a critic, was often very trying

*THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF SIR EDMUND GOSSE. By the HON. EVAN CHARTERIS. New York: Harper & Bros. 1931. $5.

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both to himself and others in the commerce of social life. On the slightest, and often the most ridiculous occasions, if he thought himself neglected or treated with less than his due of respect (for he had a full share of literary vanity), he would allow himself to conceive a most uncomfortable degree of indignation. No one was so quick to take umbrage at the slightest breath of criticism; nor can he be altogether acquitted of allowing personal prejudice to enter into his literary estimates. Mr. Charteris prints a letter about A. H. Clough, so vindictively severe that it must, one imagines, have its roots in some offence given by a relative of the poet.

* * *

From such observations it will be inferred that Gosse did not belong to that order of literary men, who set themselves to be prophets commissioned to improve the moral state of mankind. Gosse was a great deal more interested in persons than in principles. No one was more skilful than he in painting the portraits of his contemporaries in such a way as to imprint them indelibly on the memory. Here, for instance, is a diverting description of Swinburne whom Goose had taken great pains to observe at close quarters:—

> He was not quite like a human being. Moreover, the dead pallor of his face and his floating balloon of red hair had already, although he was not in his thirty-third year, a faded look. As he talked to me he stood perfectly rigid, with his arms shivering at his sides, and his little feet tight against each other, close to a low settee in the middle of the studio. Every now and then without breaking off talking or bending his body, he hopped down again, so that I was reminded of some orange crested bird—hopping from perch to perch in a cage. The contrast between these sudden movements and the enthusiasm of his rich and flute-like voice was very strange.

This close interest in personal details gives to much of Gosse's literary criticism a peculiar and most entertaining flavor. If he sits down to appraise a work of art, he does not treat it as something impersonal, as a manifestation of ultimate principles, as a lesson for the guidance of erring and straying humanity, but as something which a gentleman dressed in a particular way, with hair and complexion of a certain color, teeth of a definite degree of perfection, and fingernails of a definite degree of cleanliness, has, delineation to detract from what is beautiful or impressive in the literature under consideration. Gosse is never cynical. He is merely amused by the little comedies of life, and very noticing of little oddities or foibles; but his capacity for genuine admiration is one of the most remarkable things about him. No critic was more easily moved by real beauty, or more capable of clothing his enthusiasm in a delicate and eloquent form.

Though his interests were very wide, for he was one of our principal interpreters both of Norse and of French literature, his sympathy, as is becoming in a man of taste, was definitely circumscribed. Some fashionable tendencies in modern literature were wholly distasteful to him, the cult of obscenity, of cruelty, of morbid emotion, aroused his indignation. With his love of the characteristic virtues of French literature, its clarity, its order, its fundamental sanity, he seems to have found little merit in the Russians. In one of the many excellent letters printed by Mr. Charteris, he describes Tolstoy as "a nodule of pure imaginative genius floating about in a quite barbarous cocoon of folly, preposterous idealism, and even (not a little) insincerity." With the wild, confused genius of Dostoievsky he can have had even less sympathy.

* * *

He carried his learning so lightly that there was always a tendency to underrate its extent and security, but in truth, like Sainte-Beuve, to whom he may without impropriety be compared, he was a man of vast miscellaneous reading. Sometimes, however, he was guilty of surprising inaccuracies, and when these were pointed out to him, experienced distress quite disproportionate to the occasion. Wherever he stands on English ground his critical work reaches a very high level of accomplishment, and is not seriously lowered by the occasional lapses to which Gosse was prone, and of which at one time much was made by a gifted and formidable opponent. As a critic of French literature he is probably less satisfactory, for, though he was a voracious reader of French, he had no ear for the language, or for the finest shades of French meaning. Nevertheless, here, as in the domain of Scandinavian literature, he undoubtedly performed a valuable service by communicating something of his knowledge and enthusiasm to English readers.

It is, however, for his famous autobiography, "Father and Son," that Gosse will, I imagine, be chiefly known to posterity. Here in a little volume of exquisite prose, portraying in the story of a child a conflict between two different natures and two opposite civilizations, is one of the classics of our English literature. Dr. Philip Gosse, a distinguished marine biologist, whose works can still be read with pleasure, was as unlike his son Edmund as it is possible to conceive. The father was a Plymouth Brother and a zealot in religion, who regarded his little boy as consecrated to Christ, and destined to be a missionary, perhaps even, as he dared to hope, attain to the crown of a Martyr's death. The child had the soul of an artist. Edmund was far too much enamored of beauty whether it came to him from the poetry which he read by stealth, or through the splendors of sky and sea, to adapt himself to the consecrated and cloistered existence to which both mother and father had, in their hearts, consigned him. From the first the boy was sensible of a divided allegiance. In one of the most beautiful of his Latin treatises Petrarch describes how Virgil and St. Augustine struggled for the possession of his soul. In "Father and Son," Gosse unfolds the story of a similar conflict, the more painful since the father retained the affection and regard of the son, and the son never ceased to possess the pathetic love of the father.

* * *

To the world at large the volume which Mr. Charteris has edited with such admirable scholarship and discrimination reveals Gosse as a brilliant writer of familiar letters. He was a man who made a point of being scrupulous in the discharge of every social function, and among social functions there was none to him more important than the writing of even the slightest and briefest note. A letter in Gosse's clear, beautiful, and flowing script, without blot or erasure, was always a delight to receive, and though Mr. Charteris's collection of letters is certainly ample, they are so well worth reading, so full of fun and various information, that I would not have the volume shortened by a page.

Here is a paragraph from a letter written to R. L. Stevenson:

> I have one criticism to make, which is purely personal to myself, and which you will very likely pooh-pooh. To me the charm of your writings is yourself, is the personal accent. Now, in no book of yours is the dramatization so complete as in "Catriona." David seldom betrays himself—he is consistently and persistently the brave, honest, priggish, moral Scot that you intend him to be. And that is well enough, and vastly proper from the novelist's point of view. But you—to my thinking—were preëminently sent into God's earth to be an essayist, the best in my humble opinion (without one soul to approach you) since Lamb. To me you always seem an essayist writing stories rather than a born novelist. That may or may not be sound judgment, but, given that that is my conviction, you see how I resent that a book of yours should extinguish the essayist altogether.
>
> A hideous two-penny print, edited by that strange little man Jerome K. Jerome (have you ever seen him? He has bright red hair, a bullet head, and tight little legs set far apart—looks like a stable-man in Sunday clothes), has come out this week with an instalment of your "Ebb Tide." I wish you luck thereof, but no Christian man can read it till it comes out in book form.
>
> Have you read Lowell's "Letters?" It is the best piece of pure literature the Autumn has given us. The letters are highly personal and vivid, revealing the man in his shirt-sleeves with his vigor and his vanity, his provincial limitations, and his power of growing far beyond them. And so funny with bursts of real boyish spirits and scholarly nonsense. On the whole I think, the most delicious recent letters, in English at all events. The book has revolutionized my idea of Lowell, whom I faintly disliked in the flesh.
>
> We have been hearing of your visit to Honolulu, which I suppose is true? I say that, because the gossip-columns of the newspapers pullulate with gossip about you that cannot be true, such as:
>
> "All our readers will rejoice to learn that the aged fictionist R. L. Stevenson has ascended the throne of Tahiti of which island he is now a native";
>
> "We regret to announce the death, in Cairo, of the well-known author, Mr. Stevenson."
>
> or
>
> "Mr. Stevenson is now in Paris."
>
> or
>
> "The vineyards which are cultivated in the island of Samoa by Mr. Stevenson, have been visited by desolating storms; the gifted romance writer fears that he will, this season, export none but elderberry wine."
>
> "Mr. R. L. Stevenson, who is thirty-one years of age, is still partial to periwinkles, which he eats with a silver pin, presented to him by the German population of Samoa."
>
> We are quite disappointed if the newspapers pass a single day without a paragraph of this kind, and I am sorry I do not know how your future biography is to be compiled from the enormous mass of conflicting material. Since Byron was in Greece, nothing has appealed to the ordinary literary man as so picturesque as that you should be in the South Seas. And I partly agree.

Here again are some admirable reflectors suggested by the second volume of Mr. Compton Mackenzie's "Sinister Street."

> Certainly, you have written hitherto nothing so good as this second volume of "Sinister Street." Your verbal felicities are more numerous and more sparkling than ever. Don't let them be too deliberate. You are so precise that you should be always exact. Sometimes you miss the right word. I notice rather prominently "serge" when the proper word would be "rep." One observes these little things because the phrase is so violently illuminated. In a shoddy writer one notices nothing, for the general atmosphere is fog. You blaze almost too unintermittently.
>
> Still I notice what I ventured to suggest to you before, a sacrifice of structure to ornament. You hardly give yourself time to build a sentence, you puff out little flotillas of brilliant phrases. I wish I could induce you to submit to the charm of the periodic manner, not to be constantly used, but trotted out for purposes of reflection and the building of an argument. Just do me the honor of regarding pp. 742, 743, from "Nevertheless." This is a very good passage, interesting and original; but in its texture, is it not a little staccato? Read it aloud, and tell me, hand on heart, if the succession of tiny sentences does not get upon your nerves? It wants to be fused into greatness.

Let it not, however, be supposed that the main part of these admirable letters is constituted of literary criticism. Sometimes, and not very seldom, Gosse's letters consist of pure tomfoolery. Here for instance is an epistle addressed to Bruce, Lord Haldane's dog, and enclosed with a letter to the owner on his seventieth birthday.

> Dear Bruce,
>
> I hope you are very well and catching rats. But it is not about Rats that I am writing to you. This letter is very confidential, and you must be careful not to let your Papa see it, or even your Aunt Elizabeth. Well—perhaps Aunt Elizabeth? But you must be very careful.
>
> You know that your Papa is very, *very* clever, and wide-awake about all sorts of things. But I daresay you have noticed that he is very weak about one thing. He can't resist the ladies, especially youngish, handsome ladies from a great distance, who talk to him about Relativity and Humanism and all that sort of thing. Now I must tell you that a most dangerous specimen of this class is coming to Cloan this week, and I want you to be very clever and watch her. Don't get excited and bark, but keep quite close [illegible] dear Papa, and [illegible] If [illegible] say something about what a wonderful light he has thrown on the Pathway to Reality, and take his hand in hers, don't hesitate a moment (for a black dog that hesitates is lost), but go right in and bite her ankle. When you have done that (but perhaps not before) you can go quietly out and tell your Aunt Elizabeth, and she will come suddenly in, with you at her heels, and she will say in a loud voice to the American lady, "Unhand his Lordship!" and then we must hope that the motor will come round to the door.
>
> I shall be very anxious till I hear from you that this is done. You know who I am, so I will only sign myself,
>
> A Well-Wisher.

I do not imagine that Mr. Charteris has said the last word on Gosse. In the volume before us he has not endeavored to form an estimate of Gosse's place in the history of literary criticism. What he has done is to exhibit from his own close personal knowledge, reinforced by Gosse's private letters, the character of the man. This delicate task he has achieved very fully and faithfully, without endeavoring to conceal the small blemishes and foibles, which even his best friends recognized in Gosse, without laying any claim, which Gosse's keenest critics would regard as extravagant, but painting the man as he was, a warm friend, an entrancing talker, a brilliant letter writer, an accomplished critic, and a lover of beauty in all its forms.

"Preparations," says the London *Observer*, "are being made on all sides for the Goethe Festival of 1932. The centre of it will be 'Faust,' Goethe's most difficult and still most popular work, at least the first part. Only the first part is produced, which, even with cuts, takes at least four hours. The second part, considerably more mystical and difficult, is very rarely performed, and can hardly be done under five hours.

"In recent years, some German producers have tried hard to perform abbreviated versions, and now Dr. Richard Beer-Hofmann, the well-known Austrian dramatist, is reported to be preparing a 'popular version' of both parts for one night, to be produced in the course of the Festival. This would be possible only with the elimination of quite a number of important scenes, and one doubts if the work as a whole would be comprehensible."

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Merry England

THE DECLINE OF MERRY ENGLAND. By Storm Jameson. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1931. $3.

Reviewed by Frederic Milner

THE fourth word of the title of this book is important. There never was a "Merrie" England except in the minds of modern romantics who have no historical sense, but there was a "Merry" England in Elizabeth's day. Exactly what "merry" means is, however, a problem, and Miss Jameson, finding "pleasant" and "delightful" too anemic, suggests "high-hearted" as an equivalent. For that there is a good deal to be said but it is not entirely satisfactory. Vitality, full-bloodedness, zest, and richness of living are all suggested by the word, and perhaps the untranslatable French word "blague" comes nearest to it in spirit.

Miss Jameson is a lover of the Merry England of Elizabeth and in the first part of her book she illustrates its manysidedness. She does not overlook the filthy streets, the houses like pigsties, the scant attention paid by all classes to personal hygiene, and the black teeth of "Good Queen Bess," but she insists that Merry England has a natural lyric note. Those were the days of song, of spontaneity, and of action, and in vivid, colorful writing Miss Jameson reveals their real essence. She picks out for us Raleigh, the versatile and unscrupulous adventurer who feared not death but extinction and was typical in his virility. She tells us of the Spanish plunder, gold, silver, diamonds, rubies, mother of pearl, ebon wood black as jet, unwrought china silk, frankincense, and ambergris. She revels in the story of manners and customs, and if, in her mention of the prevalence of kissing, she might well have told how even Erasmus had been so pleased with the soft English lips years before, she does not forget that really extravagant season when ladies actually displayed their breasts between laces!

The fundamental point to be made, I think, about Elizabeth's Merry England is its insensitiveness, its lack of that faculty of sympathizing with the unfortunate, which is so strong a characteristic of modern England. Raleigh might write his lines to Cynthia but neither he nor any of the typical Elizabethans had any deep-hearted benevolence. The Elizabethans were not merely unsentimental. They were brazen, thick skinned, and in many ways downright callous. Courage and patriotism were the qualities most appreciated in those days of animal high spirits, and broad humor or horseplay made up for the lack of the more delicate *esprit*. Life was to be enjoyed to the full, and every cup must be tasted in the most rollicking, devil-may-care fashion. Sir Toby Belch was the Elizabethan, and squeamish Malvolio the laughing stock. The world would laugh with you, but if you wanted to weep you had better weep in private.

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Miss Jameson does not by any means want the Merry England of Elizabeth back again. But it was killed, she argues, by Puritanism, which put in its place something far less attractive. Puritanism, of course, hailed from Calvin and took root amongst the commercially minded middle classes in the later years of Elizabeth. It gathered strength under the first two Stuarts and dominated during the Commonwealth, leaving a stamp on English life which has never been really effaced. Miss Jameson quite definitely does not like the Puritans and their works. Prynne is not to her the martyr he is still made to appear before the English schoolboys, and Hampden "achieved his laurels by an action which would put his modern equivalent in jail as fast as he." Cheynell was "frantic," Culmer "beastly," and Peters "sadistic." As for Cromwell himself, Miss Jameson recognizes his honesty but she does not forget to mention the raid on the London brothels which provided 400 women who were to be sent out to Jamaica because "a whore made a very ready wife, if she be handsome enough." And the breaking of Peterhouse windows, a detail perhaps but certainly an unpardonable crime, is not omitted. Miss Jameson is glad that children in spite of everything have the good sense to prefer the Royalist to the Roundhead.

The great indictment which Miss Jameson brings against Puritanism is that, though it gave to England political liberty, it is responsible for the rank individualism and materialism of modern times and has destroyed the national cohesion which was a great point about Merry England. On the one hand, Puritanism undermined authority and tradition, setting in their place the individual conscience which is by nature weak. On the other hand, Puritanism preached the doctrine of absorption in self-centered work so that the temptations of life might be avoided. Material success thus became the ideal which in fact obsessed the Puritan. The parable of the talents became the central proposition of Christianity and the man who failed to make money was in some way unpleasing to the Holy Ghost. All the energy of the nonconformist Englishman was thus canalized into the struggle for commercial efficiency, and the richness of life was forgotten. Up to the time of Elizabethan England the Church had spoken with no uncertain voice against Mammon, but the Puritan saw in the acquisition of wealth the truly Christian life and was encouraged by his minister. Puritanism hence is to blame for the greed of the present.

It is possible to challenge the historical continuity of Puritanism which Miss Jameson stresses. The influence of the Restoration was not perhaps as superficial as is suggested—Miss Jameson does not even

EDMUND GOSSE and AUSTIN DOBSON
at the Board of Trade.
From a caricature of Max Beerbohm, reproduced in "The Life and Letters of Sir Edmund Gosse."

mention Congreve—and it is possible that, without Wesley, materialistic nonconformity would not be as strong in England today as it is. Miss Jameson, also, does not sufficiently appreciate the softening influence of humanitarianism which present day England has and which Elizabethan England so sorely lacked. But anyone who looks around in England cannot doubt the importance of the influence of Puritanism. Sabbatarianism still casts its sombre spell over the land, Lord Brentford and Dean Inge still thrive, the majority of the manufacturers of the North are still industrious chapel-goers, and the cheaper newspapers still exploit the morbid puritanical interest in sex. And as a pious Englishman, myself afflicted with a non-conformist conscience, I venture to think that, thanks to the Pilgrim Fathers and Penn, America herself has not entirely escaped scot-free!

One Function of Fiction

(*Continued from page* 17)

prised what colors he will get out of John. And after you have studied them for awhile you will agree that they were all really there. They were all really there from the beginning, only you could not see them. John was too familiar a phenomenon.

After you have learned from fiction to observe you may not need fiction so much, for actual stories will be taking place all around you. But you will have come into an invaluable possession. Life can never be flat and monotonous again. Even in isolation, with only a few people near by, there will be plenty to study. And the human spectacle is highly rewarding in the small dramas it constantly stages.

The Stage in New York

ANNALS OF THE NEW YORK STAGE. Vols. V, VI, VII. By George C. D. Odell. New York: Columbia University Press. 1931.

Reviewed by George Pierce Baker
Yale University.

IN the last lines of Vol. VII of "Annals of the New York Stage," Professor Odell holds out a kind of promise that later volumes may bring down his chronicle to the present day. "And here I bid him (the reader) once more good-bye, until haply another stage of our journey begins. We have come in sight of the promised land—the realm of modern plays, modern actors, modern methods, a domain the entire history of which some persons now living (1930) remember with joy.—Eager for the delights to come, reluctantly, though only, I hope, for a time, I lay the pen aside." This half-promise must be a "consummation devoutly to be wished" by all who have carefully examined the seven volumes already compiled by Professor Odell.

The three volumes recently published maintain all the characteristics, even the mannerisms, of the preceding four: very careful lists for new plays (the whole cast and names of the actors) for all the chief theatres such as the Park, the Broadway ,the Bowery, Burton's, Laura Keene's, Wallack's. For more important revivals at least the name and the main casting are given, and for unimportant items the name only; listings of titles for the minor theatres and dramatic activities such as Negro Minstrel Shows, Circuses, Concert and Opera, some Vaudeville, and even some amateur performances. Nor is the listing confined to New York City. It includes Brooklyn, Williamsburgh, and even, at times, Hoboken. As before, Professor Odell finds his main sources of information in the advertisements and criticisms of contemporary newspapers. When these fail him, he turns to theatrical collections in public libraries or even of private owners, for photographs, programs, and other theatrical memorabilia. He is widely read in biographies or autobiographies of the actors and actresses of the years he is treating. As heretofore, Professor Odell interpolates his lists with highly personal comments. Though at moments these may seem in doubtful taste in so serious and scholarly a compilation, it must be admitted that they are one of two reasons why the long lists do not become wholly monotonous and wearing. For instance, Professor Odell refers to the Bowery audience as "Shirtsleeves"; writing of a tribe of Iowa Indians disporting themselves at the Bowery Theatre, he says: "Let us hope no peanuts were thrown at the dancing Braves," and after a quotation from Macready's Diary, he interjects: "Poor heart-eaten, liver-gnawed soul, vulture to his own Prometheus." The second quality which lightens the mass is Professor Odell's keen, sure eye for comic value which makes some of his quotations delightful. The scenic artist Heister had been severely criticized for some of his scenic work in the staging of the "Cataract of the Ganges." In the *Herald* for December 31st Heister announced: "If the gentleman who criticized the spectacle of the 'Cataract of the Ganges' in the *Herald* of the 29th inst. will favor Mr. George Heister with his address, Mr. H. would be glad to take a few lessons from him in the art of perspective."

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Almost as important as the historical listings is the information to be gained in passing: for instance, the rise in taste of patrons of music from the days when the playing of Ole Bull and Vieuxtemps must be sandwiched for success between popular farces of the day, to the time when well-sung opera was assured paying patronage: the many attempts by German actors to establish drama in German in New York City before the Irving Place Theatre was firmly established: the unsuccessful attempt to build up similarly a French company. A reader sees the fluctuating rise of prices from a scale of twelve and one half cents to fifty cents to a top of one dollar and two dollars. There is a kind of outline of the history in New York City of Negro minstrelsy and a summary of the early offerings of the Philharmonic Society. Clearly the vogue of Shakespeare between 1843 and 1865 is shown. So too, is the shift in the opening of a new theatrical season from August to September. Interesting the volumes are, too, for occasional connections of Ireland and Allston Brown, especially in dates.

As in the earlier volumes Professor Odell moves clearly and masterfully in the midst of countless and

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at times seemingly contradictory details. And through this cloud of coördinated and cleared dates and details presented entertainingly in spite of their inherent dryness and monotony, comes compellingly something of the absorbed and lasting enthusiasm of Professor Odell for his subject. Valuable as the volumes are in themselves they prove absolutely the inestimable value of such collections of theatrical portraits, programs, and other memorabilia as that in the Harvard University Library—a lasting memorial to the foresight, wise selection, and enthusiasm of its late curator Robert Gould Shaw. Without it the priceless gallery of theatrical portraits these seven volumes offer must have been meagre. Without its programs, Profssor Odell, facing the lack of newspaper files, often for a considerable time, must have shown blanks where now he provides pages of helpful information.

In brief, whether, as is to be strongly hoped, Professor Odell brings his history down to the present day, or not, he can with the finishing of these seven volumes, sink back murmuring in the words familiar to us in our schooldays: *"Exegi monumentum ære perennius."*

A Strange Idyll

THE MAN WHO DIED. By D. H. LAWRENCE. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1931.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

THIS tale (which was published in Paris in 1929 in a limited edition under the title of "The Escaped Cock") is an interesting illustration of the philosophy of the late D. H. Lawrence. His philosophy was essentially stoicism, since its basis was a conviction that the only good is the freedom of the soul, which it is necessary to maintain against the church, against the state, against the weaknesses of the soul itself. But whereas most stoic philosophers have taught that the senses are slave-drivers which must be overcome, Lawrence (who had the excessive admiration for physical strength and hardihood so often found in invalids) believed that the soul can find its freedom and its highest expression only in acceptance and use of the body. It is an attractive thesis, but it is, of course, opposed to the main current of Christianity, not to the teachings of the church alone, but to the mysterious words of Jesus himself: "There be eunuchs which have made themselves eunuchs for the kingdom of heaven's sake. He that is able to receive it, let him receive it."

Lawrence recognized this, and in "The Man Who Died" he has taken the bold course of representing Jesus as a convert to his view, just as Mr. George Moore has represented Jesus as a convert to the view that he was not divine. In this book, Jesus (whom Lawrence of course conceived as simply human), having recovered in the sepulchre from his swoon, comes forth, still weak and with his wounds unhealed, to begin life again. All men have looked forward to death to set them free from their desires, the "too much love of living" of one poet, the "heats of hate and lust" of another; even so has the sepulchre set Jesus free from his excessive desire for pure spirit, his uncontrolled passion to do good to men whether they would or no. He says, soon after his waking:

> How good it is to have fulfilled my mission, and to be beyond it. Now I can be alone, and leave all things to themselves, and the fig-tree may be barren if it will, and the rich may be rich. My way is my way alone.

Now he recognizes the greatness of matter and of the flesh; when he finds a young cock, "the crest of a short, sharp wave of life," which in the fulness of its lusty strength has broken the cord that tied it, he says to it, "Surely thou art risen to the Father, among birds." So in his own new life, he finds a priestess dedicated to Isis, the Seeker of Osiris, who has kept her virginity for the man whom she feels destiny will send her, and he becomes her lover.

The aim is impossibly bold; the book necessarily falls short. It is written with such delicacy and tenderness that it will hardly offend the most devout, but that is also partly because one cannot feel that one is reading about Jesus; it will hardly convince the most radical. It is strictly comparable to Mr. Lewisohn's "Last Days of Shylock," in which Shylock is represented as a munificent patriarch of Israel; that may be nearer the eternal truth of the Jewish character, but it is certainly not Shylock; and whatever one thinks of the philosophy of this book, its proponent is not Jesus. The review of "The Last Days of Shylock" which appeared in these pages well said that it would be the more successful the less one remembered of "The Merchant of Venice"; and "The Man Who Died" will be the more successful the less one remembers of the Gospels.

If one forgets the impossibility of the book's postulate, there is much in it that is poignant and beautiful. The philosophy (of which it is impossible to give an adequate idea in a short space) is noble and appealing, as stoicism always is. The setting is hauntingly lovely. And the love of the man and the priestess, with its consummation from which he shrinks at first, because his wounds are still painful, and accepts at last as an offering to the ecstatic, untender force that is making the world, is a strange idyll, of the most powerful conception and the subtlest execution.

Vermont Background

SLOW SMOKE. By CHARLES MALAM. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by DOROTHY CANFIELD

REGIONAL literature is as many thoughtful people have said, the answer to the problem of getting any literature at all out of so vast and sprawling a country as ours. The difference between what one knows about his own countryside and what one can learn later about other people's is qualitative not quantitative. It is comparable to the difference between the way one knows his mother tongue and the way he knows one learned—though ever so well—in later life.

Every experienced reader's heart leaps up, therefore, when he comes on a story laid in a definite corner of the globe, written by someone who grew up there. At least one of the conditions for true and deep literature is there. "Slow Smoke," a story from the mountains of northern Vermont, was written by a young man who grew up there, though quaintly enough, like Kipling writing "The Jungle Book" in Brattleboro, Vermont, Charles Malam wrote his story of the Montpelier region in a room of New College, Oxford.

The reader opening the book, hoping for a taste of the inimitable intimacy with the scene which is the hall mark of good regional fiction comes at once on a rewarding passage:—

> A light September frost had come during the night. He savored it deep in his throat, like a rare wine, as he stopped on the small back piazza. The withered grass and dry, broken stalks of what had once been sweet peas were white and crisp looking by the parsonage gate. A tiny cobweb between two of the stalks had become a most intricate piece of jewelry, flashing with diamonds in the first bright sunlight. This was beautiful—too beautiful; and the air too precious, rich with the tang of mingled frost and sunshine. Beauty in nature was a very real thing to the Reverend Stanley Gregorson; it was the handiwork of God. Even the long day ahead of him must wait for a moment while he paid tribute; nothing of man's needs could come before the need of praise to God.
>
> Already the village below the church was awake, and bustling about in the sweet chill of morning. Roosters crowed hoarsely among the houses; a door slammed on the back stoop; a confused murmur from henyards reached him as he leaned with one arm upraised against the verandah post, looking down upon the small cluster of roofs and barns and garden patches.

The story runs deep and quiet, with one or two furious boilings up to the surface that make its drama. We follow the troubled inner life of the minister who looked down lovingly on God's people in the mountain village. We see him struggling, first with his own vigorous natural temperament, forcing it into the narrow channels decreed by his religious faith. Later the struggle is with his only and much-loved son when the inevitable battle begins between a rigid old and a fresh-flowing new generation. Because of the strength of the older man this battle turns into war, tragic war which like all wars ends with the defeat of both sides.

The book closes with the birth of the old minister's grandson, the only one alive on the battle-field, left in the care of people who presumably have learned something about life from observing the drama of his family, and so perhaps will give the little boy a better chance than they had.

This story, recognizable by everyone with experience as a universal one, is unfolded against a real Vermont background, both indoors and out, every detail accurate with the loving, instinctive rightness of good regional writing.

A Tale of the Road

A JOURNEY TO CHINA, or Things Which Are Seen. By ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE. New York: Richard R. Smith. 1931. $5.

Reviewed by FLORENCE AYSCOUGH

I AM a conscientious reviewer. Books consigned to my care are read, and scored. The scorings are duly considered when I deliver judgment, but what am I to do about this enchanting volume? The proverbial egg was never so full of meat! It is not a question of which scored passage to mention, but the many, which I must omit to mention.

Professor Toynbee accepted, in 1929, an invitation to attend a Conference of the Insitute of Pacific Relations which was to meet in Japan. Instead of making the journey from London to Tokio by the luxurious, if prosaic, P. & O. or C. P. R. steamships he elected to blaze a new trail which drew a circle around the Eastern hemisphere and which took six months to follow. Starting from London in a "new Ford," his wife at the wheel, Professor Toynbee motored to Chorlu, Turkey-in-Asia; from that point he proceeded by train, motorbus, and ship to the Far East and, via the trans-Siberian railway, back to the Far West. The essays and sketches assembled in this book are his "tale of the road"—and what a delightful tale it is! A mere recital of the chapter heads titillates the imagination, but when one adds thereto the humorous, the profound, the intuitive, yet ever practical, remarks of Professor Toynbee one is transported indeed upon a voyage into space.

I look at my scorings. Despair enters my soul . . . page eight: that wonderful summing up of the spirit of the Stefanskirche, the spirit of postwar Austria . . . no, no time to go into that. Page 14: what a characteristic example of Hungarian chauvinism! Pps. 19-20: yes, that is the epitome of the under-dog-turned-top-dog question, the question which is racking Southeastern Europe—can't stop. Page 26: *must* stop to congratulate intrepid Mrs. Toynbee on her heroic crossing of the Danube, on her skilful avoidance of "Bulgarian Atrocities" 1929! Page 47: that amazing analysis of "Americanism," that appreciation of the pioneer spirit, evincing itself now in Turkey as it evinced itself some years ago in the Middle West, may I quote *it?* no, I may not, nor may I add thereto, apropos as it is, my own pet theory regarding the genesis of American humors. But I *must* quote this bit on page 93:

> I can only say that Adrianople, the westernmost city in Turkey, is one of the most "Oriental" places in the modern world. . . . you must push on into the Heart of Asia Minor and pay at least a flying visit to Angora in order to see the leaven of Western civilization at work. For here, in Asia Minor, the Turk is engaged on a throughly European —or rather, American—enterprise. He is trying to trans-

(*Continued on next page*)

A Balanced Ration for Week-End Reading

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF SIR EDMUND GOSSE. By the HON. EVAN CHARTERIS. *Harpers.*

The biography, told largely in his own letters, of one of the most polished and distinguished English *littérateurs* of recent decades.

THE WAY TO RECOVERY. By SIR GEORGE PAISH. *Putnam.*

An analysis of the present economic crisis of the world and a program for its reform.

TANTE. By ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK. *Houghton Mifflin.*

The reissue of an early novel by the author of "The Little French Girl," presenting a study of the artistic temperament.

The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

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form himself from an Oriental conqueror in to a Western pioneer: a man who goes out into the wilderness and wrestles with it until it brings forth skyscrapers a hundred-fold.

And now Professor Toynbee speeds across five hundred miles of uncharted desert in the "safe-ways" six-wheeler motor bus operated by the brothers Nairn, New Zealanders who remained in Asia Minor after the war. Damascus—Baghdad, but not by the road followed by Nebuchadnezzar, nor even that which Alexander chose; no these routes have been made obselete by the brothers Nairn. Baghdad —Basra, where one leaves the Mohammedan world world now taking to sewing machines and auto- Years ago it regarded these machines with ca... "Whizz, whizz, all by steam! Whirr, whirr l by wheels!" So did the Pasha express himself to Kinglake; now that attitude is stone-dead in the Islamic World.

From Basra by boat to Karachi; a tiny island journey in India. Ship once more from the island-city of Bombay "which hangs from India by a thread," past the "isles of the sea," as Professor Toynbee calls Bombay, Colombe, Penang, Singapore, and Hong-kong in which although "Bombay is a first-rate modern city, whereas Penang is a kind of tropical garden-suburb, and Hong Kong is a peak, while Singapore is a mud-flat" he yet finds a common feature. The continental Asiatic cities are dominated by monuments of ancient Oriental civilizations, while "these isles of the sea are exotic versions of modern European ports without an Oriental background."

The journey proceed[illegible]ough China, Japan, Korea and Manchuria, [illegible] to England via the tra[illegible]-Siberian railway. [illegible] Toynbee's observations are penetrating, h[illegible]nces full of interest; and how he can e[illegible] observations and describe those experience[illegible] East with its problems, its sorrows and [illegible] to lie in the hollow of my hand even [illegible]d world from Mr. Woolworth's, a penc[illegible]ner in the form of a tiny globe, is lying at [illegible]minute. The whole discussion is so important that I cannot select isolated passages for notice—I can only beg my readers to turn to the book itself.

A Writer's Writer

HENRY JAMES: LETTERS TO A. C. BENSON AND AUGUSTE MONOD. Now first published, with an introduction by E. F. Benson. Limited edition. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1930.

Reviewed by Arthur Colton

THE Benson archiepiscopal family were satisfactorily Victorian, both words being used to indicate, not to derogate. For when the warfare of this *risergimento* has quieted down, we shall be saying Victorian in something of this sense, not combative, nor indeed for an impossible summing up of all that the era contained, but for some kind of blended selection; much as we say Queen Anne or Elizabethan for a mental picture of a generalization composed of things chosen partly because they seem to stand out, but more because they seem to fall in. They submit to the generalization. Satisfactorily Victorian is something more or less Tennysonian, Arnoldian, having something to do with Oxford, Cambridge, Eton, Rugby, and the better for a clerical suggestion. Its connections and contrasts with the big, bulky Empire of its time, the bilge of ships, and rattle of factories, were something like those of the American "genteel tradition" (as the late Vernon Parrington and recently Mr. Santayana, have called it) with the rest of the hurrying, slambanging continent, ivory towers wherein men wrote of British tars and Hiawathas with tempered enthusiasm. A. C. Benson was an Eton master and then a Cambridge don during the period covered by the correspondence in this volume, but from Henry James's ivory tower, yet more remotely sheltered, Benson's seemed a life of storm and stress, wind blown on by the world. The letters to Benson bring one very close to James's ultra-literary temperament, as well as offer glimpses of his daily life, in social relations as nicely discriminating as his literary practice. The letters to Auguste Monod are fewer, but perhaps of even more curious interest. For the interest of James is after all literary, and technically literary, and these letters are all about proposed translations from his works, many of them written in French. M. Monod notes "*un des cas très rares où Henry James se trompe de mot français*," in his rendering "The Tw[illegible]agics" by "Les Deux Magiques" (instead of "*Magies*"). To a Frenchman it would of course be more apparent than to an alien that James, naturally, does not write French with the flowing sinuosity of his English (the difference is apparent enough), but it is of interest to see how much of our familiar James comes through the foreign idiom. In all translations that so far had been made from his works he was obliged to confess that very little of his personal expression had seemed to get through. The French equivalent was nearly always a false equivalent. The false equivalent was "always the *lit de Procuste* for the *malheureux* translated." He was inclined to think himself an especially difficult writer to translate because so *nuancé*, so given to shades and modifications; and further, that translation from English to French was more difficult than the reverse, because French has more "constitutional prejudices," more inhibitions.

Mr. Hilaire Belloc in a recent volume has an essay on translation, in which he remarks on the unique situation of a culture like the European essentially similar for the educated classes of the continent, so far as customs, music, and the arts are concerned, but in linguistic expression various and divergent. "Here we are, all of one western world, dressing and living much alike, and all pouring out a mass of ideas perpetually, yet chained to languages in five great groups, separated each from the others as never were idioms of any united civilization before."

James might have said six instead of five and avoided the doubt whether it is Spanish, Italian, or Russian that he would not admit to be major. Moreover, it is debatable if a unit culture is desirable. The language resistance may save us from its deadening monotony. The inconvenience may be our salvation. But at least the situation is odd, and possibly serious. Few people are really at home in more than one language, and the best linguists in but few. Where one is not at home the depths, reaches, and shadows are not felt. A change of language is like a change of skins. Every language misunderstands every other. And here is Henry James, a technician of the kind that French readers peculiarly appreciate, but who knows French well enough to foresee the exquisite discomfort of a change of skins, of niceties murdered by false equivalents.

The possible terseness of the English language was not of much use to James. His modulated, parenthetical style was become the habit of his soul. "Wednesday, 1.40, at the Atheneum, if convenient to you," would be ordinarily terse, but James's idea of it is: "Just a speeded word to say that tomorrow, Wednesday, at 1.40 (if you can allow me till then) will do beautifully for our meeting at the Atheneum; and I shall accordingly turn up there to the time of that punctuality." The speeded word must not run without discretion, must attend to its draperies. The hastiest note remembers that she is a lady and never lowers herself to a cliché. There is no affectation about it. It is the habit of the soul. To write "speeded word" instead of "hasty note" is an instinct for distinction, the habitual preference for the fresh untired phrase over the phrase that is jaded and battered. James may be called the writer's writer as properly as Spenser the poets' poet. His feeling for phrase is so constant and sensitive. "Who reads Spenser now?" There is always somebody who does. A young collegian now and then discovers him (probably not as Freshman English, but by accident or at some wise man's casual suggestion) and *la belle dame sans merci* has him in thrall. Complex imponderables, the tenuous emotions of drawing rooms, conversation that is all indirection and inference, may become as obsolete as elaborate allegories peopled with magnanimous knights and immaculate damsels, or as haloed monks and archbishops surrounding Holy Families; but great craftsmanship is never obsolete to the appreciation of other craftsmen. Diffuse, fastidious, intense in minutiae, James's audience was never large, and never will be. But every now and then in the twenty-first century some young writer will discover Henry James and "go up in the air" about him.

He was, like Howells, a realist in theory, not in temperament. "The gracious culture," says Parrington, "that he persistently attributed to certain choice circles in Europe was only a figment of his romantic fancy—a fact that he finally came to recognize—Did any other professed realist ever remain so persistently aloof from the homely realities of life?" A two volume edition of his letters appeared some years ago, and probably there will be more hereafter. James himself, I fancy, would have critically approved of letters grouped, rather than letters miscellaneous, grouped by their bearing on a particular relationship as with A. C. Benson, or on a particular theme as are the letters to M. Monod.

Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York, in collaboration with Hodder and Stoughton, Ltd., London, make preliminary announcement of a $20,000 Prize Novel Contest open to anyone in any country and with no restriction whatever as to subject matter. The award is guaranteed to the best manuscript received. Manuscripts must, of course, be written in English. Curtis Brown, Ltd., are in charge of the contest.

Pegasus Perplexing

NUMBER XIII

You will have to be told that my first may be gold,
  You will roundly and rapidly curse-if-I
Make the clues incomplete when I lay at your feet
  These trivial thoughts that I versify.
It may be of steel or it may be of wood,
  A light little thing or a solid old pound.
'Tis stronger than battle; 'tis greater than cattle,
  The servant of heroes whom laurel has crowned.

There's many a slip 'twixt the shore and the ship,
  And I know that my box won't be sent-if-I
Fail to act circumspectly and mark it correctly
  As a case I can quickly identify.
I pick up my second and put it my third,
  Secure me a porter (who growls at his tip)
And, rejoicing at last that the crisis is past,
  Commit my effects (and myself) to the ship.

Dear reader, be kind to an ignorant mind,
  Forgive me, if I haven't got any—
Be it statics, aquatics, applied mathematics
  Biology, Hebrew, or botany.
Yet I do know enough mathematical stuff
  To say that my whole is a figure in plane,
With sides rather few—less than ten, more than two—
  And further than that I decline to explain.

NUMBER XIV

My First

When my lord's afloat in a tiny boat
  To sail the surging sea,
My bark goes over the water
  To bring my lord to me.

My Second

'Tis I who claim the dear little name
  My mother heard from me;
And my heart goes out to my daughter,
  The little one at my knee.

My Whole

The way was strait to the golden gate
  When Mother was young; for she
Believed, as the stern men taught her,
  The Calvinistic me.

Charade Number X printed in the issue of July 18 was mistakenly inserted, since its solution had been presented in the article introducing the Pegasus Perplexing contest. In its place should be substituted the following charade which, in mailing answers at the end of the competition, should be numbered X.

"What's this my first?" is my next that he sings
Who complains that my whole is unkind to him.
He alone wisely lives who accepts what she gives,
Nor rebels when the future is blind to him.

RULES

Throughout the summer months *The Saturday Review* will publish two charades in each issue of the magazine, the last charade to appear in the issue of August twenty-ninth.

It is our hope that readers of the paper will be interested in solving these puzzles and will submit answers at the conclusion of the contest. Prizes will consist of copies of the book from which the charades are taken, "Pegasus Perplexing," by Le Baron Russell Briggs, to be published by The Viking Press at the conclusion of the contest.

Contestants must solve correctly at least ten of the twenty-four charades in order to qualify. A prize will be awarded for each of the 100 highest scores obtained by those who qualify.

The highest score will win a copy of the book specially bound in leather.

In case of ties each tying competitor will receive the award.

Solve the charades each week as they appear, but do not send in your answers until the last charade is published on August twenty-ninth.

In submitting answers merely number them to correspond with the number of the charade to which they apply and mail the list to Contest Editor, *The Saturday Review*, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

All answers must be mailed not later than midnight of September tenth, 1931.

It is not required that competitors subscribe to *The Saturday Review;* copies of the magazine are available for free examination at public libraries or at the office of publication. The contest is open to everyone except employees of *The Saturday Review* and The Viking Press.

The accuracy of the answers will be verified by the editors of *The Saturday Review.*

INJURY NOTED

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The Bowling Green

Compte Rendu

DURING several weeks' absence from the Green, these were the books that interested me most:—

Voltaire, by John Morley. (If it should ever have occurred to you to speak condescendingly of the Victorians, try this magnificent book, now in the 60th year of its age; a veteran of noble sinew. Of this essay Viscount Morley said sparely in his *Recollections:* "The appreciation of Voltaire was summary, and was in truth a suggestion for people with unfounded pretensions to literary education, that he was a writer on whom they ought to leave a card.")

Introduction to the Method of Leonardo Da Vinci, by Paul Valéry, translated from the French by Thos. McGreevy. (Printed in England at the Curwen Press, 1929. Sold here by May and Company, 755 Boylston St., Boston, $5. This was one of the last books reviewed by Arnold Bennett, who said of it "Full of wise, pure ideals concerning the art of literature. When any best-seller, French, British, or American, feels in need of a moral bath, he should peruse it. The book is not easy reading. But it is gloriously worth the effort.")

Theological Essays by Thomas De Quincey—and particularly the essay on Casuistry, where my eye fell first on "Case III: Giving Characters to Servants Who Have Misconducted Themselves." Messrs. Simon and Schuster, who are shortly to publish Leonard Hatch's jocular little anthology of Dilemmas, would find this enchanting reading. I hope that I shall long have life and strength to remind the casual connoisseur of the enchantments of De Quincey. The greatest recent adventure was finding in one of Goodspeed's catalogues a letter in De Quincey's own hand referring to his laudanum habit. Because damaged along the right hand margin this letter was for sale at a very modest price. But the signature is perfect. The letter says:—

Friday Evening

My dear Madam,

I really feel so ashamed at [not being] able to present myself on an occasion [when you] had honored me with so special an invitation [that I] think it best to plead the simple truth in [ ] which is that, after preparing to attend, I [ ] *an excess in laudanum for the last 3 days* [ ] so much nervous dejection that I am [ ] unable to muster the spirits necessary for [ ] smallest party. Relying on your usual indulgence for my excuse, I remain, my dear Madam,

Your faithful humble servant,

THOS. DE QUINCEY

I have enclosed in brackets the words mutilated or missing in the autograph. This letter now belongs to me, and I can think of no more touching relic of the Opium Eater.

The Signature of Pain, poems by Alan Porter, to be published this autumn by the John Day Company. I should not mention this as it is not yet available, but a few of those sensitive to the finest vibrations might like to know of it beforehand. Mr. Porter, I am told, is an American poet who has already had a notable reception from English critics. He is too rare a poet to be loosely or lightly praised: his exquisite strong talent would be the first to be shamed by the wrong praise.

From Surtees to Sassoon, by F. J. Harvey Darton. Published in London by M. and M. Kennerley, Jr., 22 Essex Street, W. C. Q. A study of the sportsman spirit in English character, and one of the most moving essays I have yet read on the influence of the War on the younger English poets. I am sorry to keep mentioning books that cannot be obtained at the nearest drug-store, but I am never much interested in annotating the books that anyone can get with no trouble at all. André Gide's was good advice:

Ce qu'un autre aurait aussi bien fait que toi, ne le fais pas. Ce qu'un autre aurait aussi bien dit que toi, ne le dis pas,—aussi bien écrit que toi, ne l' écris pas. Ne t'attache en toi qu'à ce que tu sens qui n'est nulle part ailleurs qu'en toi-même.

And three books which *are* easily obtainable, all as it happens from the same New York publisher to whom I make fraternal compliment and congratulation: *Wordsworth,* by Herbert Read; *Our New Religion,* by H. A. L. Fisher (a study of Christian Science); and *Higher Command,* by Edlef Koeppen. This last, translated from the German, is one of the war books which (like Blunden's *Undertones of War*) will probably not reach as many readers as it deserves.

In Harvey Darton's *From Surtees to Sassoon* there is an extract from a war-time letter of a British officer which he quotes without surprise. In his enthusiasm for pursuing small animals he evidently thinks it quite natural. The letter referred to the fraternization of English and German soldiers between the trenches at Christmas 1914 and said:—

Just after we had finished "Auld Lang Syne" an old hare started up, and seeing so many of us about in an unwonted spot, did not know which way to go. I gave one loud "View Holloa," and one and all, British and Germans, rushed about giving chase slipping upon the frozen plough, falling about and after a hot two minutes we killed in the open.

They had to kill *something.* It reminds me of that gorgeous etching of the War in Palestine—by James McBey, was it?—called "Gunfire, Mount of Olives," a print of which I always intended to buy as the perfect Outline of History. Tell me, you Art Dealers, where is it now available? I often think how disgusted some of those ruddy sportsmen would be if they knew that Brer Rabbit runs about all through the Salamis Estates on Long Island, even sits on the front lawn, and no one has enough gumption to pursue him.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

We remarked gently, in reply to the Prince of Wales, that British advertising is not really as bad as he seems to imagine. Students of the art of Oblique Solicitation will do well to study a little book published by A. & C. Black, Ltd., Soho Square, London W 1, in which the jovial advertisements of Messrs. Fortnum and Mason (written by H. Stuart Menzies) are gaily reprinted. If the good old Ginger Cubes Company were doing better I would recommend that they make Mr. Menzies an offer. Here is one of his ticklish inquirendoes:—

So This Is Rowan Jelly!

Consider these exquisite matters: Rowan Jelly to eat with game. Made from little wild Rowanberries picked away up on the hillsides to make a jelly that shall be of its very nature wild, like the game itself. A jelly of a flavour challenging and untamed like a gipsy girl's laugh. At one with the dark flesh of grouse or the blonde breasts of English partridges—like to like, and most seemly in the mouth.

Such glorious trifles as these are recompenses produced by old and possibly dying civilizations.

Another lively (but very costly) bit of promotion matter comes to us "With the compliments of Sir Francis Towle," It is a short story by Michael Arlen, called *A Young Man Comes to London,* done in Mr. Arlen's pleasantest offhand vein, and proves eventually to be—by only one casual allusion—an advertisement for the new Dorchester Hotel in Park Lane, London. The story is followed by some well written information about this hotel; it pleases me specially, as a lover of seasides, to learn that "Each bedroom is isolated from noise by the floor and ceiling having a lining of compressed seaweed which is a perfect non-conductor of sound." Well did James Bone remark, of the fossil seashells in the stones of St. Paul's, that even the buildings of London bear the autograph of Neptune. To a New York eye there is something humorous in Sir Malcolm McAlpine's excitement that a meal can be served hot and brisk "in any room in the hotel, even a private sitting room on the eighth floor."

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

My friend J. M. has alluded to the theatre superstition about sprinkling salt in a letter on which much may depend. It appears from an unpublished letter of Herman Melville to Hawthorne that H. M. liked to consider symbolic the grains of sand left over from blotting his script. "If you find *sand* in this letter," he wrote, "regard it as so many sands of my life, which ran out as I was writing it."

In the same letter Melville alludes to a book called (if my informant deciphers the handwriting correctly) *Laughcomic.* "Among others, you figure in it, and I also," Melville tells Hawthorne. "It is a Guide Book to Berkshire." Can anyone give us any information about this book?

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

The uproars of the tabloid press are shrill squeaks compared to the melodrama discoverable in booksellers' catalogues. For weeks there has been in front of me a catalogue from Dawson's, 627 South Grand Avenue, Los Angeles, in which I find offered for sale a collection of 224 autograph letters from a great living English poet to his former literary agent, now dead. These letters were written 1906-1911 and contain the following comment:—

"America is a rotten country with a parasitic soul. She reads what she sees Europe reading."

I prefer not to mention the name of the distinguished writer, as it was in large measure America's enthusiastic support of his books, and his lecture audiences in this country, that helped him do his finest work.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

I look forward with agreeable curiosity to Sinclair Lewis's story of a British lecturer, rumored to be forthcoming in the *Saturday Evening Post.* All international humoresques of that sort fill me with joy. And I learn from a catalogue of Chicago Book and Art Auctions, Inc., that Lewis's first book was not (as I had thought) *Our Mr. Wrenn* (1914) but *Hike and the Aeroplane* by "Tom Graham," published by Stokes in 1929. Another reason for regarding 1912 as a cardinal year in literary history.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

I can answer one of my friend Mistletoe's questions as to who now lives on the 10th floor of the old *Evening Post* building at 20 Vesey Street, New York City. The other day a small sentimental committee of the 3 Hours for Lunch Club met—*comme autrefois,* as they say in ook-shop on Ann Stree· itional questions as to wh shelves by De Quincey od French dejeuner was sem on Frankfor nild o Mouquin's ıré's or Street, nd André's begat the G couch of piety, these rese ıtered 20 Vesey Street after ehold, the same elevator starter is nized them.

The old ns on the 10th floor are now the home of th rican Management Association. Miss Muller, in c arge of the reception desk, very graciously allowed the pilgrims to look about. The big library was unchanged, save that the historic quarters where Dr. Canby and his colleagues first glimmered upon contemporary letters is now an open alcove. The E. P. monogram is still in the railing overlooking St. Paul's graveyard from that balcony where the great bunting of the 3 Hours for Lunch Club first floated. The American Management Association is a library and research-headquarters for industrial executives and a clearing house for discussion of management practice and theory. Its membership consists of about 4,400 executives and it publishes magazines and pamphlets dealing with business problems. I was relieved to see, in its List of Publications, that the pamphlet on *Office Absenteeism and Tardiness* is *out of print;* perhaps hard times have made us more assiduous. The old shelves once filled by the *Evening Post's* editorial library (including the famous incomplete set of De Quincey that I always meant to steal and never did) are now thick with reference volumes on commercial problems. Among these, so queer are the coincidences of this world, we found a copy of *East Side West Side,* a novel by Felix Riesenberg, the Lord High Admiral of the Club. It is well chosen, for the amazing outburst about New York City (pp. 353-372 of that book) should be read by all the "junior executives" whom the Management Association especially seeks to catch young and train. We wondered a little wistfully whether the library also contained a copy of the Ginger Cubes pamphlet.

The cubicle where the Ginger Cubes were born, looking down on the roof of the old Astor House, is now enlarged into a pleasant rest-room for young ladies, with a chintzy chaise-longue and a tea-table. We explained earnestly to Miss Muller that it had once been a kennel where much hard work was done. But few human beings are deeply impressed by the thought of hard work done by someone else.

The 12th floor, where the Comp. Room was, is now the workshop of the excellent Hagstrom Map Company, whose clear and efficient maps, charts and advertising designs we are happy to commend. Their salesroom is on the ground floor, what used to be the old Counting Room. In the attic above the 12th floor, where the grizzled Janitor Emeritus used to eat his lunch, there was no sign of that ancient moke; but his throne, an old shoe-shining chair, is still there.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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BOOKS OF SPECIAL INTEREST

Contemporary Sculpture

TWENTIETH CENTURY SCULPTORS. By STANLEY CASSON. New York: Oxford University Press. 1930. $3.50.

Reviewed by CHANDLER POST
Harvard University

IF this were a more important and a profounder book, it would deserve a long review, for the author is keenly and intelligently interested in modern art and in the course of his pages raises a number of questions that would demand of the reviewer a general consideration of the aims and achievements of recent sculpture and an evaluation of Mr. Casson's own esthetics. As it is, the book, in a way, falls between two stools: it is not a systematic history of the sculpture of our century, which, if it bored with its pedantry, would compensate by the ordered information that it imparted; nor, if it is classed as a series of essays, is the content quite substantial enough or the style sufficiently elegant to give it even in this category a well-grounded status. In its rather disjointed make-up, it does resemble a volume of casual essays bound together by little else than the general theme of the sculpture of today and the matter of each chapter is not always unified.

In the first chapter the author inquires into two ideas suggested by the critics of his earlier work of 1928, "Some Modern Sculptors," and decides that the sculptor must control, rather than be controlled by, his material, and that a piece of sculpture must have some further *raison d'être*, such as monumental decoration, beyond that of the easel-picture the purpose of which is to express the artist's own individuality. After these *hors d'oeuvre*, he proceeds to the meat of his book, chapters on a series of sculptors who, with one exception, are well chosen as typical and distinguished exponents of the several outstanding tendencies in the plastic art of the present moment—the Swede, Carl Milles, our own American, Paul Manship, the German, Georg Kolbe, the Russians, Alexander Archipenko and Ossip Zadkine, another German, Oswald Herzog, with his fellows of the "inorganic" school, and the Englishman, Frank Dobson. The exception to the representative nature of Mr. Casson's selection is Dobson, who is little more than an English Maillol and whose inclusion is perhaps a concession on the part of the author to patriotism. It is symptomatic of the modern phenomenon, the Parisian ateliers' loss of leadership in the Fine Arts, that his list does not comprise a single Frenchman. He follows with two rather dull desserts. First, there is a discussion of the tools used by the ancient Greek sculptors, a chapter dressed out with the fine name of "Epilogue for Artists," like the French titles for simple dishes on the menus of ambitious restaurants. The excuse for the digression is the author's praiseworthy exaltation of the Greek esthetic attitude as at least a partial ideal for the artists of all subsequent times, and, indeed, hitherto Mr. Casson has been chiefly known, as a writer, in the phase of a Hellenist. The second plate is a not very novel dissertation on the principles of "Public Sculpture" i.e., commemorative monuments, and there is even a savory in the shape of a final chapter, called "Prospects," that has to do with the trends of sculpture since the war.

If the book does not quite fulfil the requirements either of a formal history or a collection of essays, it can nevertheless be recommended to the leisurely reader who desires a few hours of pleasant, mildly stimulating, and, for the most part, wholesome distraction. Mr. Casson is in sympathy with the aims of recent art, but unlike the usual ecstatic writers on the subject, he is sane and judicious in his opinions and pronouncements. It is refreshing, for instance, to have the Epstein bubble burst by one who accepts the general esthetic theories underlying his production. Many of the author's own esthetic contentions are fundamentally sound, for instance, his attack upon the modern cult of self-expression and his resulting definition of genius as that "which seeks to interpret the world of beauty through the medium of a personality, the general through the particular." One can quite agree with his conception of the "true academic" as the artist who accepts "certain methods of construction and systems of proportion which experience has shown to be satisfactory" but who knows when to stop in his imitation of the past. It is quite another matter, however, to concur in his choice of Manship as the true academic on the ground that "he never lets his inspiration (in the art of past epochs) carry off his originality."

Although Mr. Casson's ideas and language are sometimes the trite stock-in-trade of current criticism of art, we meet now and then very trenchant and penetrating bits of analysis, such as his description of Germany of the twentieth century as "the home of sculptural experiment rather than of sculptural creation." The book will serve also to answer with a certain clarity some of the questions in regard to this new art always being asked by the dazed public. It elucidates, for instance, very satisfactorily Herzog's endeavor to break down the boundaries between sculpture and architecture. In any such volume, of course, there are statements and estimates to which an author cannot hope for unanimous assent. The reviewer has expressed in another place a very different judgment of Manship, and he would like to have found less attention paid to Kolbe's dependence upon Rodin and some mention of the debt that, in common with many other German sculptors of the beginning of the twentieth century, he owed to Adolf Hildebrand. But the feature to which we must take most exception is a rather cheap and superficial kind of sarcasm that I hope is still more characteristic of the Oxford than the Harvard undergraduate. For example: "To commemorate by beauty alone is, for the general public of our Neolithic Age, for the present too sophisticated a thing," or, "We hear nothing now of nudity and more of symbolism and other more abstract terms. In times to come we may even discuss beauty." Nevertheless, much can be forgiven Mr. Casson because of the soundness of the greater part of his criticism, a soundness, I suspect, that comes in part from his Hellenism. One of the virtues, indeed, that gives his work both piquancy and sanity is his familiarity with the production of many epochs in the history of the world's art.

It goes without saying that a man who can write with enthusiasm of what is coming to be called modernistic art has little use for realism. The reviewer therefore, at the end begs to be permitted to say a word for this now much despised quality. Are there not others who, like me, have faithfully studied the sculpture and painting of today, who have even gone through a period of appreciating it, but who are at last weary of stylization and tired of its elaborately spun theories, of its fussiness, and of its self-consciousness? It is so easy to be "artistic" if representation is neglected. Is not that a greater art which is able to maintain full representation and at the same time to fuse into it the formal esthetic qualities and the emotional effect without isolating them and without throwing them in your face? We are living in an age of mannerism in sculpture and painting, and the pendulum is bound soon to swing in the opposite direction of more respect for the illustrative and story-telling functions of art. As the mannerists of the Byzantine style in Italy were succeeded by Giotto, as the less gifted mannerists of the second half of the Cinquecento gave place to Caravaggio, so surely will our children revive realism, and if I am alive, I for one shall not be sorry. Archipenko's return to a greater faithfulness to nature is already an index of what is going to happen. It is only to be feared, because of the extravagances in which certain exponents of modernism have indulged, that the pendulum, in reaction, may swing to the extreme literalism of a Meissonier or Gérôme.

Oliver Madox Hueffer, the author and war correspondent, who died in London recently, was a grandson of Ford Madox Brown, the pre-Raphaelite painter, and a brother of Ford Madox Ford, the novelist. He wrote many plays and novels, some under the pseudonym of "Jane Wardle." Once, during a Mexican revolution, he was "executed" and "buried," according to official records.

The Marine Service

THE REMINISCENCES OF A MARINE. By Major-General JOHN A. LEJEUNE, U. S. Marine Corps. Philadelphia: Dorrance & Company. 1930. $4.

Reviewed by Major W. R. WHEELER

GENERAL Lejeune's forty years of service spanned many periods of change. In 1888, the marine was only a poor relation of the navy family, wooden sailing ships were just giving way to steam and steel, and, in the matter of Samoa, our foreign policy was beginning to conflict with that of a power of modern Europe. Thirty years later the Marine Corps had risen to responsibility and consideration, and General Lejeune himself was holding high command in battle on the western front.

The trend of our foreign policy can be followed in the lives of our seamen and marines. As a naval cadet fresh from Annapolis, Lejeune clung to the rigging of the wrecked Vandalia the night that the hurricane at Apia settled the Samoan dispute by sinking the assembled ships of the American, British, and German squadrons. The war with Spain found him with the squadron blockading Havana; he was with the force that aided the authorities of Panama in maintaining order on the occasion of the separation from Colombia. A period of garrison duty in the Philippines was followed by the occupation of Vera Cruz in 1914, where he commanded until the army took over control. Other service sent him to Cuba, Porto Rico, Haiti, and Santo Domingo. Early in his career Lejeune had asked that he be considered a volunteer for every expeditionary force, as he "wanted the field experience which could be gained only on expeditionary duty." He completed his preparation for future emergencies by graduating from the Army War College.

His successive assignments afloat and ashore were, each of them, efforts that had their effect in establishing solidly the foundation of the Marine Corps structure of today. He had his part in settling the important question as to who commands marines on shore after they have been debarked by the navy; he systematized prompt dispatch of expeditionary forces, while, during his two terms as Major-General Commandant after the World War, he had the task of rebuilding and developing personnel.

In 1917, General Lejeune had served for two years as Assistant to the Commandant of the Marine Corps. After considerable effort, and despite the possibility that he would be made Commandant, he secured a transfer to troop duty that involved sending many units and replacements to France. Seizing a chance that promised no more than service behind the lines, he sailed for France in June of 1918 and shortly after arriving was given command of a brigade of the Thirty-second Division. Transferred to command of the Fourth (Marine) Brigade of the Second Division three weeks later, he was almost immediately placed in command of the division and promoted major general. He commanded this Army unit until its return from the Army of Occupation in 1919. The operations of his division were characterized by the quick dash exemplified at the taking of the Blanc Mont Ridge in the Champagne, and by its surprise night advance of four miles into the German lines during the closing days of the Meuse-Argonne offensive. The successes of the Second Division are one of the brilliant chapters in the history of the American Expeditionary Force.

From his observation of battle, General Lejeune remains convinced that men approach this experience in a serious, if not prayerful, frame of mind; he denies the general accuracy of scenes with which certain books, plays, and motion pictures of the war have made us familiar. Of the younger generation of men he says: "they went to war blithely, for they knew naught of its stern reality. That reality it seems impossible for men to learn except by their own personal experience. Perhaps this is the irrefutable answer to the pacifist creed."

Neither a proponent of militarism nor a preacher of pacifism, the author ventures a warning: "there is nothing so uncertain in this world of ours as international relations. What seems certain today becomes uncertain tomorrow, the probable vanishes, the impossible happens, and the prognostications of wise men come to naught." Can one more concisely word the necessity for preparation of a fair measure of national strength?

As a man who habitually wrote daily to the mother of his three children, as a human being convinced of the efficacy of prayer, General Lejeune's words are not only a gripping tale of adventure but also, by implication, a sermon on life. Retiring from active service in 1928, General Lejeune is now Superintendent of the Virginia Military Institute. The cadets of that school are fortunate in having a war-proven leader to carry on the tradition of "Stonewall" Jackson.

New Thought

THE ETERNAL POLES. By CLAUDE BRAGDON. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1931. $2.

Reviewed by CARL THURSTON

THE most surprising aspect of what is called New Thought is its familiarity. It is, essentially, a series of translations from the older religions. Sometimes it is an adaptation of the great Oriental systems to the Occidental mind, sometimes a severe pruning of Christianity to fit it to the modern mind; in either case, it is an attempt to substitute for a too poetic original a simple prose version of the same truths.

Such translations are often very useful. To the reader who has "lost his faith" they offer a sort of spiritual moratorium which may save him from ethical and psychological bankruptcy. To the reader who has never had a faith they offer the truths of religion in a form which he can swallow and digest. If he hears from a pulpit, "Not my will but Thine, O Lord," or "God is love," the words may seem as meaningless as a foreign language; but when Mr. Bragdon tells him that his individual personality "exists not for its own sake, but for the uses of the life-force," and that "love is the action of the life-force upon the personality," he is likely to listen with attention and understanding.

Yet the very existence of such translations is evidence that something more is needed. Translations may carry us through a brief period of transition, but sooner or la[illegible]re going to need new originals. [illegible]e time has already come to begin [illegible] best of the current output for [illegible] of more permanent value.

[illegible]rnal Poles" is a wise and beautiful book; its criticism of modern life is penetrating and many of its incidental reflections are profound. Yet my guess is that the Scripture of the future will have to be more intricate and more splendid. It may not need to be as poetic as the great originals of the past, but, as an equivalent, it must be deeply scientific. If it speaks of a "life-force" it will have to tell us, to interest any but the instinctively credulous, more about its place and function in nature, its connection with the material world, and its mode of operation on individual minds. If it bases its teaching, like "The Eternal Poles," on the eternal bipolarity of the universe it will have to omit such pre-Socratic opposites as "sun and moon" and "fire and water," and abstain from the rather sentimental pastime of guessing which member of each polar pair should be called masculine and which feminine. In the second place, it will have to be revolutionary enough to hit the imagination of the world with a tremendous impact,—and while "The Eternal Poles" is spangled with entertaining originalities they are neither powerful nor dramatic. And finally, if this imaginary volume is to capture minds that have grown up on modern science, art, and philosophy it will have to be organized with a rigorous intensity which will preclude the miscellaneous wanderings through love, business, yoga, and the Einstein theory in which Mr. Bragdon indulges.

If it seems unfair to judge "The Eternal Poles" by the standards of the future rather than of the present, I can only plead that if it had been less good there would have been no temptation.

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Books of Special Interest

Heredity and Environment

THE BIOLOGICAL BASIS OF HUMAN NATURE. By H. S. JENNINGS. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1930. $4.

Reviewed by BEVERLEY KUNKEL

ACCORDING to the words of the preface of this book, Professor Jennings undertakes to "examine the interplay of differences existing at the beginning of the individual life with those that arise through later experience, by which the infinite diversities of individuals come into being." This purpose is achieved in a remarkably satisfactory way. In no other work known to the reviewer has the fact been brought out more clearly that each individual achieves its characteristics as a result of the hereditary material contributed by the parents acting upon and being acted upon by the environment. This is far from being a simple process. The reactions of the egg and the embryo with the surrounding world are constantly changing as development proceeds.

The question of the relative importance of heredity and environment, is shown to be incapable of a categorical answer in precisely the same way that the question of the importance of material and workmanship in automobiles cannot be answered.

The experimental method of the solution of biological problems so dominates Jennings's viewpoint that the intricacies of the phenomena of heredity are not glossed over in an effort to make them conform to an *a priori* theory. As a consequence, the author's attitude toward eugenics on the one hand and behaviorism on the other is especially important.

To the extreme eugenist whose enthusiasm has been aroused by the reading of many popular works on the subject, rather than by the much more painful method of experimentation, the present volume will prove disappointing. The "new heaven and the new earth" of the eugenist are not in the immediate future according to the author. Eugenic measures which aim to cut off the stream of defective genes are practical only to a very limited extent until some means is devised whereby the defective genes may be discovered when they do not exhibit themselves in defective body or mind. At present, the only method of determining whether certain defects are carried in a latent condition is by crossing with an individual exhibiting them. This process is so contrary to the practice of mankind through the ages that it is questionable whether it can make any appreciable progress for many years. In addition to this, the suppression of reproduction on the part of those carrying a latent defect must be scrupulously followed and the possibility of altering the environment to alter the development of the hereditary material must be canvassed in a way that is quite out of the question at present. It would, however, be very unfair to leave the impression that Jennings scouts the whole eugenic program. He sees only good in the prevention of breeding of the notably defective, like habitual criminals, insane, and feeble-minded; he favors the dissemination of knowledge of birth control among the dependent so that there may be a slowing up of the reproduction of this group; he favors the raising of the economic status of those with superior abilities so that the economic burden of children will be lightened; and he believes that the conscience of all classes in regard to the future of the race needs to be aroused.

In regard to behaviorism, biology can take no exception to the claims of that school that by appropriate training of any "normal" infant, the doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief can be produced at will, since by definition, the term, normal excludes all genetic classes that lack the capabilities of adjustment of individuals to diverse conditions. But "biology must dissent from the negative conclusion; namely that heredity has nothing to do with the diverse aptitudes, temperaments, and fates of individuals. Respect for individuality is the great contribution of genetics to the treatment and understanding of human beings."

The volume is notable for the clear explanation of the theory of the gene which has come to occupy so large a part of all thought on the subject of heredity. The term, unit character, can no longer be used in the light of more modern experiments with the same assurance as twenty years ago and the term gene cannot be used as it once was as the equivalent of a unit character. There are at present probably fifty of these genes involved in the production of the single quality, "red eye," in the fruit fly so that it is only when the two parents have all fifty of these alike, except those of one pair, that we obtain the phenomenon of unit character inheritance. It would require far too much space to give an adequate account of the interesting experiments that prove the reality of the genes at this time, but there is probably no clearer statement than in the volume under review.

Physical Basis of Heredity

THE PHYSICAL BASIS OF PERSONALITY. By CHARLES R. STOCKARD, M.D. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1931.

Reviewed by DAVID MARINE, M. D.

THE development of our knowledge of the function of the so-called glands of internal secretion and, in a broader sense, of internal secretion in general is one of the most modern, most fascinating, most important, and most rapidly advancing branches of physiology.

This rapid development has invited exploitation, usually under some such title as glands of personality or one or another of its variations. It is only natural that investigators of internal secretion dislike this term. Perhaps to the general public, however, the word personality has an appealing rather than a repulsive effect. The change of one word would have eliminated this criticism and in a less sensational era the title of this book probably would have been the physical basis of heredity. Because of the title, however, I am sure many persons will gain an unpleasant first impression of Professor Stockard's excellent book. When one reads the table of contents this unpleasant taste due to the title is quickly dispelled and as one peruses chapter after chapter, the story of heredity and development, particularly from the embryological and physical basis as influenced by internal secretion, is told in a popular and yet conservative manner.

At once we know that Professor Stockard is on ground with which he is thoroughly familiar through many years of experiment and study. After an introductory chapter the author proceeds to summarize the evolution of the developmental environment of the egg from the free sporing fish through amphibia, reptiles, birds, and mammals. He then reviews the germ cell as a mechanism for inheritance, its finer anatomical structure, including the chromosomes and their invisible genetic elements or "genes," which are believed to contain the substances which determine the inherited characteristics of the individual.

He next takes up the embryological period and points out how critical this period of the animal's development is because of the colossal growth and differentiation that takes place during this period. He points out how the slightest departure from the normal coördination during this stage of development could further change the individual's constitution or personality.

All this is told in a clear, easy, popular style and serves as a background for a review of his breeding experiments on several divergent types of dogs. Professor Stockard's idea of attempting to throw further light on the mechanism of heredity by analyzing the effects of controlled cross breeding of the several types of dogs that presumably originated from a single type is an excellent one, and he has already carried this work far enough to add materially to our present knowledge and to demonstrate its possibilities.

Up to this point the author has stayed well back on his safe anatomical background, only reaching out to catch philosophical threads that were long enough to fasten to this anatomical framework. But tying up the developmental defects or the anatomical peculiarities of the several types of dogs with particular internal secretions is still a scientific hazard. It is not that variations in the various internal secretions do not play an important role in these physical defects but it is a question how the internal secretions are modified, unbalanced, so to speak, to permit of these effects. Nutrition and environment are important factors in determining both the quality and quantity of a given internal secretion. This phase the author has not gone into, perhaps because it introduces too much biochemistry.

The book is amply yet conservatively illustrated with drawings that materially add to the clearness of presentation. Every scientific worker knows that in general drawings are more illustrative than photographs, but according to some they are more subject to bias. It is necessary, as certain phases of science become popular, that scientists themselves write the popular reviews if the public is to get an honest impression of the subject. It is fortunate that Professor Stockard has made available a fair and readable review of a phase of biological research that has become and is destined to become both more popular and more important as the years pass.

With the Greeks

PLATO AND LUCIAN. By JOHN JAY CHAPMAN. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1931. $2.

Reviewed by PAUL SHOREY
University of Chicago

MR. CHAPMAN is always keen about the best things, and whatever he writes about them is always interesting and suggestive. He has been reading in Plato and Lucian, and records his impressions with some excerpts to confirm them. Like the majority of effective writers he is more interested in the use that he can make of the great classics than in the ascertainment with misanthropic accuracy of precisely what they said and meant. He will doubtless be more appreciatively reviewed by critics who share this attitude than by a captious specialist.

With perhaps a majority of hasty readers he feels that Plato is an artist and a dreamer, but not a thinker. The "Symposium" read by itself leaves a bad taste in his mouth and obsesses his judgment as it does Professor Sihler's. It seems to him to condone and to encourage modern condonation of aberrations from which Proust has lifted the taboo that until recently imposed silence in the literature of the English-speaking peoples.

Reading casually in Lucian, he is favorably impressed by the rationality of his hard-headed mockery of the follies, superstitions, and vices of degenerate Rome and particularly by a few jibes at the "friendships" of Socrates and his companions, which in fact are more than counterbalanced by Lucian's praises and defense of Plato elsewhere. He somewhat hastily infers that Lucian was a deeper thinker and a sounder moralist than Plato, and he apparently is not in the least daunted by what he must know to be the opinion of all the wisest and best and most scholarly critics who have really known Plato, from Cicero, Plutarch, and Marcus Aurelius to Schleiermacher, Goethe, Coleridge, Mill, Matthew Arnold, Martineau, and Emerson.

With his main underlying purpose to whip Proust and his admirers on the back of Plato I cordially sympathize. And I think that his and Renan's judgment of Lucian is much nearer the truth than that of Wilamowitz who contemptuously dismisses him as a mere "journalist." But if he has not the time or patience to ascertain why the "secure" judgment of the *orbis terrarum* regards Plato as not only a supreme artist but a great thinker, a "decent respect for the opinions" of the small portion of mankind who know should have made him hesitate to promulgate the paradox that Lucian is really the profounder thinker.

The dramatic portrayal of the after-dinner talk of Athenian young men in the "Symposium" is far from being Plato's last word on the ethical question that so stirs Mr. Chapman's righteous indignation. There is a passage in the eighth book of the Laws (837-840) which would satisfy the most delicate Puritan conscience, and there is a reasonable presumption that it represents Plato's considered opinion. It even contains a hint that the subject is one on which a man of the world might have allowed himself to speak in jest. The Socrates of the "Symposium" is a man of the world, at dinner with younger companions. He may sublimate or treat with playful irony their libidos. It is not his cue to preach. The Socrates of the "Phædo" is conversing seriously with an inner circle of disciples on the day of his death. It is uncritical to press apparent inconsistencies in the tone of the two dialogues. We may read at random in Plato for entertainment and inspiration, but to criticize him one must read every word and interpret every statement in the light of its dramatic context and its presumable relation to other passages.

On the stage of the Burgtheater in Vienna, Ernst Reinhold, the actor, writer, and scientist recently recited, or rather played, all the five acts of Shakespeare's "Richard III" in English by heart. "It was an event, says a Vienna correspondent to the London *Observer*," an amazing delivery, with its excellent varying characterization of the many figures, its honest depth of feeling, in the beautifully finished wording of classical English, astoundingly rendered by a foreigner and delivered with beautiful ease and rythm."

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Foreign Literature

Historical Documents

LIBRETTO DE TUTTA LA NAVIGATIONE DE RE DE SPAGNA, VENICE, 1504. A facsimile from the only known perfect copy, now in the John Carter Brown Library, with an introduction by LAWRENCE C. WROTH. Paris: Honoré Champion. 1930.

TEXTE LATIN ET TRADUCTION FRANÇAISE DES TRAITÉS COSMOGRAPHIQUES DE D'AILLY ET DES NOTES MARGINALES DE CHRISTOPHE COLOMB. By YMAGO MUNDI DE PIERRE D'AILLY. Etude sur les sources par EDMOND BURON. Paris: Maisonneuve Frères. 1930. 3 vols.

Reviewed by GEORGE PARKER WINSHIP
Harvard University

THE Americanists who had scarcely been heard of for twenty years, have been reappearing within the past months, refreshed by their long inaction. Both the historical students and the book collectors, with hardly enough exceptions to prove the point, had done nothing deserving of serious attention since well before the war. Now they are reclaiming the dominating position which they occupied during the quadricentennial 'nineties of the last century. The best of the older collectors steps forth rejuvenated, and Dr. Rosenbach "puts our eye out" with a catalogue of American historical documents which he has for sale, dating from Columbus to the present day. On each of its 107 pages are described one or two documents, and rumor has it that anyone can have the whole lot for somewhere in the seven figures. This looks like confidence in America, and Americana.

The historians are likewise coming to the fore. Mr. Williamson, who has been patiently digging away and issuing publications whose sound learning scarcely ruffled the surface, brought out a book on Cabot a short time ago, which fell upon the Canadian landfallists tearing one another's hair, but ready enough to join forces in pitching into his conclusions. Columbus inspired an ambassador to write a futuristic drama. Confidence in this same theme led a French publisher to bring out a facsimile reprint of an original source of information concerning Columbus's voyages. Mr. Wroth, having completed his monumental account of colonial printing for the Grolier Club, relaxes by writing an introduction to this earliest collection of Columbian voyages.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

The most interesting aspect of this recrudescence of Americana is the way in which its more serious protagonists pick up the subject just where it was dropped some thirty years ago. The demand, it seems, is all for "original sources." The bookseller offers nothing but manuscripts directly associated with significant historical events. The publishers risk their money on source material. The "Libretto" of 1504 is a landmark of the highest significance in the annals of geographic knowledge, for it is the earliest of the long succession of published collections of narratives of voyages made toward the unexplored outskirts of the known world. The "Ymago Mundi" is of greater importance, not so much on account of the influence that it exerted on Columbus, as because that influence is typical of the way in which this epochal work was regarded by alert, inquisitive, and thoughtful readers throughout the European world in the later decades of the fifteenth century.

Another common characteristic of these two publications is relatively inconsequential, but none the less sets one to wondering what it means. Both come from Paris publishers, who appear to have issued them on their own responsibility, and both have American editors. Mr. Wroth is the librarian of the John Carter Brown Library at Providence, where he has established his preëminence as an authority in his field. M. Edmond Buron is archivist to the Canadian government, and the internal evidence suggests that his origins are on the western side of the Atlantic. Neither book has the quality which scholars expect to find in the work of Frenchmen. Mr. Wroth's introduction is adequate and pleasantly written, gloating modestly over one of the major treasures of the collection that is in his keeping. But for a publication offered for sale by a notable Paris firm, it leaves one unsatisfied.

This is not the place for the detailed examination of M. Buron's edition of Pierre d'Ailly's "Ymago Mundi" which its importance deserves. It reprints the text of the original Latin edition, printed at Louvain about 1480, with a French translation on the facing page. Christopher Columbus owned a copy of the first edition, and M. Buron also prints a transcription, with translation, of the numerous marginal annotations, in Columbus's handwriting, which exist in the copy preserved at Seville in the library that was established by the Discoverer's son, Ferdinand Columbus. Fortunately, these annotations are available in facsimile in the monumental "Raccolta" volumes issued by the Italian government as its contribution to the celebration of the 1892 anniversary. It was, however, one thing to possess them in facsimile, and quite another to decipher enough of them to judge of their significance. M. Buron will receive the ungrudging gratitude of future generations of investigators for his patient fulfilment of the enormous task of making a legible copy, and for solving many of the problems of interpretation. If in the years to come other students disagree with his readings, the indebtedness to him will be none the less, for making further research possible.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

M. Buron's introduction is irritating. He is in all probability on the right track in his estimate of the character and the personal qualities of Columbus, but just when the reader is ready to accept his conclusion, he advances an absurdly inadequate reason, which reveals a complete inability to appraise the value of evidence. Vignaud and Harrisse, Humboldt, Irving, Navarette, and Prescott, are all one to him. The earlier writers were probably nearer right in their conclusions than the later ones, but they are useless as authorities because they did not know many sources that are vital to the formation of opinions. M. Buron does not perceive this, for the same reason that he fails to see that the whole elaborate case against the Toscanelli Letter, built on the fact that the Florentine *savant* died some time before the letter is said to have been shown to Columbus, goes to pieces if it is granted that there is no reason why his death should have been known in Portugal when Columbus wrote to him.

Whatever his faults, M. Buron has done a great service to the fame of Columbus. It may be that the service to American historical studies will be even greater. The evidence set forth in these volumes should put an end to the school of picayune historical investigators who devoted themselves to belittling the Discoverer, because they could not understand his rather complex personal traits. He was not a perfect being, and his achievement landed him in a position which was more than he could manage. But the simple fact remains unescapable, that the son of a Genoese woolcomber founded a family of Spanish grandees which maintained its rank and its fortune into the twentieth century. In some respects, this is even more remarkable than to have discovered trans-Atlantic lands.

Foreign Notes

ITALY has a number of literary prizes offered by publishing houses as well as by the National Academy and cultural institutions. Most of these prizes are for fiction. The daily paper *La Stampa* of Turin offers a prize of 50,000 lire for the best book published each year in Italy. Corrado Alvaro won the prize for "Venti Anni," a novel, and "Gente di Aspromonte," short stories, published in 1930.

⁂ ⁂

The eighth volume of the "Encyclopedia Italiana" has recently appeared. It completes the B's and makes a good beginning with the C's. The longest articles in it are an exhaustive essay on Buddha and Buddhistic archæology; an article of over thirty pages on Canada, and another on Bulgaria, with many pictures and maps.

⁂ ⁂

John O'London's Weekly says, apropos of the Dutch "best seller," Ina Boudier-Bakker's novel "The Knock at the Door" (De Klop op de Deur), that "the book is still selling like hot cakes. For over a year copies have been turned out as fast as the presses could print them. Over ninety thousand have already been sold—an extraordinary total for a country like Holland—and new impressions are still called for."

⁂ ⁂

A traveling library called a "Bibliobus," the first of its kind to be seen in France, is being shown at the Colonial Exhibition in Paris. It is hoped that soon a number of these vehicles will be touring the country. Their object is to arouse an interest in literature among people in rural districts.

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Points of View

Mr. Herrick and Anonymity

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

In his review of "Dawn" and in his letter, "The Necessity of Anonymity," both published in your issue of June 6, Mr. Robert Herrick exposes his shocked state as he contemplates our "publicity mad age" with its "simian instinct for gossip" "whose appetite has been whetted by much so-called biography and by the fantasies of Freudian psychology. . . ." In developing his views I think he is unfairly harsh with the present age. "Simian gossip" has always bulked large in scholarship and criticism. In autobiography Dreiser was preceded by Rousseau, and before Rousseau, St. Augustine bared his soul and his past. The *succès de scandale* did not originate with "Cakes and Ale." And reviewers of other days have dealt even more freely with personalities than they do now. Mr. Herrick himself cites the case of Hardy, who back in 1895 "was driven by abusive and ridiculous comment into silence." But wasn't "Jude the Obscure" of the very order of writing which Mr. Herrick so deplores? Like "Dawn" it offended the more refined tastes of the day. Fortunately Mr. Dreiser seems made of sterner stuff.

I recommend a careful reading of Mr. Herrick's review to the curious. He thinks it unlikely that "most youths are so obsessed with erotic impulses even in our tawdry and spiritually starved society." You see the connection he makes between the erotic impulses and a tawdry society. "Taste," he goes on to say, "is, of course, unarguable, but the naked school of self confessors should be sure . . . that they have something to reveal . . . Mere nakedness . . . is not arresting." This has a familiar ring to it. It is one of those distracting complacencies that sound so well and mean so little. I assume that an admirer of Hardy—and I take it that Mr. Herrick is one—would admit the value and importance of the realistic movement. And what is the foundation of that school if it be not the assumption that the revealing of any single individual soul, whether of high or low degree, is significant work? Mere nakedness is arresting—or would be if it could ever be achieved. What else is the realist striving for?

The truth is, of course, that most novelists have written at least one more or less frankly confessional novel; and that nearly all artists have revealed themselves nearly or quite as completely as Dreiser has revealed himself. Mr. Herrick's criterion is one of taste, and taste only. Dreiser shocks and offends him—as he does many others. There is, certainly, something inhuman in Dreiser's as in all other great confessions. Mr. Herrick is at liberty to express his dislike of the book. But that expression hardly constitutes criticism. ". . . he ridicules coarsely," Mr. Herrick goes on to say, ". . . not merely the Catholic faith but all religions, moralities, traditions, and conventions of belief. . ." But again this is hardly criticism. Genius is notoriously iconoclastic. But Mr. Herrick's worst sin comes in quoting three short passages and labeling them, in turn, Mr. Dreiser's "philosophy," Mr. Dreiser's moral sense, and Mr. Dreiser's social and political ideas. Actually they are nothing of the sort except from a supercilious point of view.

Mr. Herrick's remedy for modern literature—announced in his letter to which I have referred—is anonymity. Only in anonymity may the writer escape "impertinent comment" and "devote himself in peace to the task of recording his impression . . . of the stream of life as it passes through his consciousness, transmuting . . ." etc., etc. I have attempted briefly to summarize his argument.

1. Scholarship to-day concerns itself more and more with personalities (identifying original of Wife of Bath, etc.). This because of simian instinct for gossip fostered by new biographies and Freudian psychology.
2. Although futile, such gossip harmless where people long dead.
3. But where living or recently deceased it is bad. When a writer takes liberties with actual people reviewers and critics should keep mum. Papers should never publish reviews which name supposed identities of prototypes. If the reviews didn't publish such information nobody would be the wiser.
4. Remedy—anonymity. See *ante*.
5. Analogy: No one cares who the models are in paintings. Why should one want to know the stuff which novels are made of?

Comment:

1. Away with scholarship insofar as it treats of personalities. The Wife of Bath has a right to her anonymity.
2. But where draw the line? Better do away with all biography.
3. The Reviews are the reviewers' keepers and the public's conscience. What people don't know won't hurt 'em.
4. See *post*.
5. Bad comparison. The identity of the originals in all paintings — except where they are merely models work-a-day at so much per hour—is a matter of extraordinary interest—especially (just as in literature) where the subject is famous or infamous.

Shades of the past! Need this "simian" gossip be taken with such deadly seriousness? Is the writer so sensitive a mortal that he cannot stand the truth about himself or bear up under lies? Would Mr. Herrick provide the refuge of anonymity for political figures, religious leaders, gunmen, scientists, and divorcées? Does he hope for an impersonal world? Does he really suppose that Thomas Hardy's stature is in any wise lowered by Mr. Maugham's cruel, ironic, and brilliant distortion? Would he have a gag law for the literary reviews?

Those who hope to lead contemporary American literature into fresh pastures, guiding it away from the now outmoded spirit of the 'twenties (possibly the most significant decade in our literary history), and away from "the younger and more radical realists" who are following the leadership of Dreiser, will have to be of more robust stature than Mr. Herrick and his timorous anonymities.

FRED T. MARSH.

More on Casement

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

I will not, like my friend Mr. St. John Gaffney, suppose that Mr. Frank Monaghan in his review of Mr. Denis Gwynn's book on Roger Casement invented the statement that Casement tried to "tip off" Grey and Asquith as to the projected revolution in Ireland. I will not suppose that Mr. Gwynn invented the story. It might even, let us say, be true; if the excerpts from the diary published in the *Irish Independent* should bear it out, it would seem foolish to deny it. But if it should not be found rooted in Casement's own words, I would much doubt it. One has only to recall the feelings Casement entertained for Grey as a result of the Findlay Affaire to perceive the extreme improbability of it. My guess would be that Denis Gwynn very easily allowed himself to be spoofed; for, of course, a more inappropriate biographer of Casement could not be found than Mr. Gwynn, whose face is stubbornly set against all that has written the recent history of Ireland.

The more serious offence of Mr. Frank Monaghan is his wilful perversion of history in the use of the phrase "Germany's betrayal of Ireland." One must say that any statement is properly suspected when it comes from the pen capable of that. The facts in this case are all in. Possibly Mr. Monaghan (who incidentally is not a member of the American Irish Historical Society) does not read works on Irish history. If perchance he has read Darell Figgis's "The Irish War," and John Devoy's "Recollections of An Irish Rebel," he displays amazing effrontery in writing, at this date, about a "German betrayal of Ireland." It is fully established that Casement considered the proferred German help quite inadequate, and therefore took the extreme measure of going to Ireland himself in an effort to forestall the intended rising. It is also fully established that the German offers were considered adequate, in view of all the circumstances, by those who were managing Ireland's revolutionary plans; that these offers were accepted; and that the German Government fulfilled their promises to the last degree. They promised to send to Ireland 20,000 rifles, a large number of machine guns, and adequate supplies for ammunition. The Blue Book of the British Royal Commission which investigated the Easter Week Rising records that the diver who examined the *Aud* found that vessel to contain exactly what the German Government had promised.—It is really time that this phase of modern history should cease to be the subject of false statements by bitter-enders who cannot forgive the march of events for having made them absurd.

SHAEMAS O'SHEEL.

Brooklyn.

The award of the Goethe Prize for Literature to Ricarda Huch for her life's work has been acclaimed by the whole of the German literary world. Her latest work, "The Revolution of the Nineteenth Century in Germany," just published by the Deutsch-Schweizerische Verlagsanstalt, crowns her year-long labors in the historic field.

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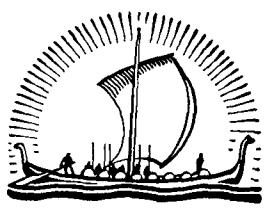

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B[iography]

AMERICA[N] AN EX-
PRESS[ION] OF IONAL
MIN[D]. [FELLOW]SHIP. Holt. 1931.

Ambitious [in] its seven hundred and thirty-[two] pages this book, written, it is said, by a [pupil] of V. L. Parrington's, undertakes to re[in]terpret the known facts in the light of social and cultural thought. It is a useful addition to such evaluations, but not, we fear, a realization of Professor Blankenship's aim. The difficulty arises, after a too facetious preface, partly in the structure of the book. The introductory sections to each period are very capable expositions, and reveal the author as a careful and thoughtful student of American history. This duty done, however, Professor Blankenship falls back upon literally scores of brief biographies of our writers, done, so far as we can determine, in very nearly the conventional manner, with biography and critical judgments. To cite only one example, Philip Freneau, has recently been analyzed ably and minutely from the points of view of contemporary religion and politics, but here he appears in a brief two pages, unchanged from the familiar figure outlined in histories of literature of the 'nineties. There is no mention, incidentally, of the analytical work referred to in Professor Blankenship's "Suggested Readings." Yet the title and preface of this book commits its creator to quite a different procedure. It is, however, chiefly a matter of structure, and one wishes after reading the clear summaries of religions and political philosophies that Professor Blankenship had adopted a cohesive and progressive style of narrative, similar to that employed by Professor Parrington.

These clear, condensed expositions of the thought underlying American literature are at their best in Book IV, and, more particularly, in the last two hundred pages, dealing with "The Machine Age." It will be recalled that the third volume of Professor Parrington's "Main Currents in American Thought" concluded merely with the rough memoranda of notebooks. No study exists of the group of recent writers as derivatives of their social and political *milieu*, and Professor Blankenship's orientation here will prove helpful.

Biography

LORD JOHN RUSSELL. By A. WYATT TILBY. Richard R. Smith. 1931. $5.

Mr. Tilby believes that fame has treated Lord John Russell pretty scurvily. Pitt, Peel, Palmerston, Disræli, and Gladstone have received their meed of recognition and praise, while the great champion of liberty in nineteenth century England has lain relatively unnoticed at Chenies. In attempting in this book to rescue him from obscurity Mr. Tilby has not gone to the extreme of writing a eulogy; he has been content to offer a discriminating and thoroughly readable biography. Full credit has been accorded to Lord John for his share in the great parliamentary and diplomatic struggles of his time, but the author has not excused Russell's mismanagement of religious issues or the Irish famine situation. Of the latter he says, Russell "could hardly rise from a party to a national policy in an emergency. . . ."

Throughout the book the emphasis is heavily on the political aspects of Lord John's career, but Mr. Tilby has written with such charm and humor that the story never lags. His characterizations of Russell and his contemporaries are always witty and penetrating. The book is worth reading for these alone.

Americans will read with particular interest the author's account of Russell's handling of British policy during our Civil War. All save the most partisan will surely agree that he has treated the topic with fairness. It is doubtful, however, whether he has sufficiently appreciated the constitutional issues involved in the conflict in the United States, and the forces here and in England that were molding British opinion and influencing the policy of the government.

Perhaps the chief criticisms of the book are an insufficiency of historical background and too little consideration of the personal life of Lord John. We are fully informed of the making and breaking of ministries over a period of fifty years, but little is related of the social and economic factors that were operating to bring about political changes. The author excuses himself from presenting such material on the ground that he is writing biography, not history, but without a reasonable amount of it, it is doubtful whether the general reader will comprehend the full significance of the reform movements in which Russell was so much interested. Except for a single chapter on "The Human Background," only occasional references are made to his personal life. The publishers state that the book is "admirably documented," but in fact there are almost no citations. It is perfectly apparent, however, that Mr. Tilby is well acquainted with the literature of nineteenth century English politics.

BLOOD ON THE MOON. By JIM TULLY. Coward-McCann. 1931. $2.50.

Instead of saying that Jim Tully has written another book, one might say with equal truth that Jim Tully has written his book again. Which does not at all mean that he has rewritten anything. There is no duplication of stories or characters—stories and characters fairly run over the edges of Tully books—but, rather, the mark of the author is so present in every paragraph, sentence even, that one is forever reading Jim Tully in continuation, whatever the name on the cover. He has, of course, obvious mannerisms, peculiarities of style. These are easy of recognition and easy of explanation, but under them lie other and more fundamental earmarks of Tullyism. There is a sharp-eyed way of looking at the world, the quick, personal insight into the twisted ways of life's under-dogs, and there is the Tully chip on the Tully shoulder and be damned to you. If Jim Tully had not said what he has said, no one else would have said it. He has marked out his own field and need fear no trespassers.

"Blood on the Moon" brings to a close the series of five volumes which the author hopes may be grouped together in coming years and known as the Underworld Edition. All these books—and how quickly their titles bring them before us again ("Beggars of Life," "Circus Parade," "Shanty Irish," "Shadows of Men")—deal with outcasts, caught usually in the final twist of the ironic-tragic. Some critics have complained that all these fringed-edged adventures could scarcely have happened to one man, even an Irishman and a story-teller. The point seems unimportant, as they do, at any rate, "happen" most completely in the books. Mr. Tully has walked strange paths and he has met strange people there, and perhaps he himself best explains his success in luring them onto his pages when he says, "I did not study the people in these books as an entomologist does a bug on a pin. I was of them. I am still of them. I can taste the bitterness of their lives in the bread I eat today."

There's no possibility of fully outlining a Jim Tully book. The conversations, anecdotes, observations, and asides are the important thing. In this latest work, he runs over his own life from his years in an orphanage, through his time of hiring out as a badly paid farm boy with recurrent visits to his grandfather, the inimitable Hughie Tully, through days of vagabonding, traveling with a country fair, the long years in and around Chicago, his many encounters with women, his brief plunge into prize-fighting, and his final resolution to write or starve. "In ten years my first book was published." So ends "Blood on the Moon."

Drama

ECCE HOMO. Play in seven tableaux. By MAX DAUVILLE. Bruxelles: Edition du Murier. 1931.

Here is a novelty in acting drama. By the relatively slight action, by deliberate disregard of historical color, and by the mystico-poetic utterances of one of the characters, it recalls Maeterlinck, but the intellectual rather than the emotional atmosphere is stressed. There is indeed an undertone of emotional intensity, inherent in the setting—Jerusalem at the time of the crucifixion—but no Christians appear on the stage. We hear the money-changers complain of their expulsion from the temple and the howling of the fanatical mob on the way to Golgotha; Simon of Cyrene, half bewildered, half touched by grace, tells of carrying the cross. The author is keenly aware of what can and what cannot be effectively presented on the stage. His aim is to render the universal human truth of his drama. It happened centuries ago and yesterday. The Galileans are called communists and the Roman officers, clad in khaki, use the language of the modern barracks. They are poignantly unaware of the

(Continued on next page)

Good fo[r] ...mer—and all the year

FESTIVAL
by Struthers P[urdy]

"This is t[he] ...aking," said the *New Yo[rk]* ... this striking story of a f[a]... married daughter whose ... urbed by similar emotiona[l] ... Strongly drawn charact[er] ... ialogue, and an absorbin[g] ... made it the author's most[ ] ...

...*h large printing.* $2.50

THE LIGHT THAT NEVER WAS
by Katharine Fullerton Gerould

An enjoyably sophisticated tale of a girl who wanted just one gleam of the "light that never was" before settling down, and of the man who responded to her mood. Grand entertainment—done with an infectious sparkle and consummate skill. *Second printing.* $2.00

THIS OUR EXILE
by David Burnham

Acclaimed by critics everywhere as an important literary debut of the year. It is the story of a sensitive, highly-bred family's reactions to a death in its midst, and as a whole is a realistic cross-section of a certain phase of American life to-day. *Second printing.* $2.50

AMERICAN EARTH
by Erskine Caldwell

The New Republic says: "Erskine Caldwell brings a new quality into American fiction." "He might," says the *New York Sun*, "grow up to be America's Fielding," and the *New York Herald Tribune* calls the people of his stories "the legitimate grandchildren of Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn . . . . American primitives." $2.50

MANY THOUSANDS GONE by John Peale Bishop

The story from which this volume of long related stories takes its name won the *Scribner's Magazine* $5,000 Prize Contest. With its four companion episodes it forms, says the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, a book of "brilliant stories, instinct with truth, alive with imagination." $2.50

SCENES AND PORTRAITS
by Frederic Manning

"These stories and imaginary conversations of famous historical and traditional figures are for those who have a fancy for the delicate wines of literature," says the *New York Sun*. "They are . . . a delightful experience," declares *The Saturday Review of Literature*. $2.50

AXEL'S CASTLE
by Edmund Wilson

"Every one who is interested in the advance guard of modern literature, who would like to understand it and who feels that some valuable aspects of it are eluding him, should be grateful to Mr. Wilson for 'Axel's Castle.' "
—*Boston Transcript.*
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THREE PAIRS OF SILK STOCKINGS
by Panteleimon Romanof

This novel of the life of the educated class under the Soviet is "perfect as a social document or as a novel to beguile an evening. . . . It probes the soul of beaten people."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*
Second printing. $2.50

FOR YOUNGER READERS

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by Will James

A collection of stories of the cow camps, including many new stories and illustrations, along with some of the best of Will James's "cowboy" stories. An authentic, interesting book. $2.50

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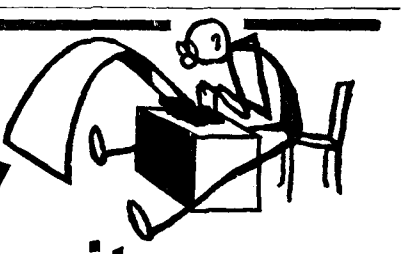

As far as you *Saturday Review* readers are concerned we could rest our case with the simple announcement of a new novel by Mr. R. H. Mottram. But Charles Hanson Towne has jumped the gun with a review we can't resist. Says Charley:

"If you like a novel which takes you into its heart in a quiet way then by all means get *"Castle Island"* by R. H. Mottram. His *"Spanish Farm"* was mighty good stuff, but in *"Castle Island"* he steps out upon the main highways of life... It is distinguished writing, profound, and with a quiet humor. One glides through its pages as one glides down a stream, contented with good companionship . . .

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The New Books

Drama

(*Continued from preceding page*)

significance of what is passing around them. Only one, an old timer at Jerusalem, maintains an attitude of scornful aloofness and scepticism. Future ages, he mockingly tells his blasé companions, may be interested in this Ultima Thule of the Empire. There is throughout the play a suggestion of the ironical philosophy of Anatole France's masterpiece, "The Procurator of Judea."

Fiction

A CHILD IS BORN. By CHARLES YALE HARRISON. Cape & Smith. 1931. $2.

This is the story of the making of a criminal. We are present at the birth of Arthur Roberts in the slums of Brooklyn; we follow him through his apprenticeship in petty theft to his time in the reformatory and ultimately to his escape, filled with a burning hatred of society and abundant knowledge of criminal ways. Mr. Harrison intends to demonstrate that the whole of society (with negligible exceptions), so far as it came in contact with Arthur Roberts, was engaged in turning him against itself and arming him against itself.

The method is interesting, but hardly successful. The story is presented in the kaleidoscopic modern manner; brief scenes in the life of Arthur Roberts are interspersed with flashes of the lives of other people, of the state of the world at large, or with excerpts from books and newspapers. These last are usually ironically placed, for example, one beginning: "The soft, easy environment in which we live is the only process known to science which will organically weaken the human being." Sometimes this is effective; the frequent references to the eternally smoldering refuse dump, which finally sets the reformatory on fire, and the interlude of the editor wearily carpentering together an editorial on the need for playgrounds, fully justify themselves by their own merit and their evident connection with plot or theme. But too often the reader stops to wonder why some scene or character is introduced at all, for instance an unidentified student who gloats over the synonyms for "libertine," all faithfully copied for us. And too often the connection, though apparent, seems very farfetched; thus we are given a considerable biography of "Bernard Powers," the editor and physical culturist, though his only offense against Arthur Roberts is that his publications stimulate the sadism of the superintendent of the reformatory.

The final effect of all these disjointed passages is simply distracting. And this dissipation of the reader's interest is especially unfortunate in this book, because, like so many other novels on its theme, it is so much concerned with the general principles that it does not arouse much sympathy with the characters. Our faint interest in the vague Arthur Roberts is utterly lost in the constantly shifting background.

THE WHITE GODS. By RICHARD FRIEDENTHAL. Translated from the German by CHARL HOPE LUMLEY. Harpers. 1931. $3.50

The fleet of [illegible]ndo Cortez sailed from Havana on the 10[illegible] of February. It was the year 1519." In this direct narrative style Friedenthal's "The White Gods" (presented as "The Romance of Cortez") opens. The same positive treatment of the subject matter is maintained throughout the 424 pages.

The story, which has received much praise in Germany, is more a realistic chronicle than a novel. Instead of indulging the popular conception of the conquest of Mexico it relates not of glory but of war, not so much of chivalry and lofty endeavor as of sweat and blood and animal passions. The conflict in it is the conflict of personal ambitions and of private greed. The only leaven of tenderness, approaching a love interest, is the attachment (and let us say, the historical attachment) between Cortez and the Indian girl Marina, of whom he early was possessed and who was his mistress, nurse, and interpreter.

Friedenthal writes like a war correspondent and a close observer. He has a genius for details of description and of characterization. For the first time, outside of old source narratives, we have a human Cortez and a flesh and bone company of mercenaries despoiling Mexico. In the main the Cortez cavaliers were not gentlemen, save that they were gentlemen adventurers. Moreover, this was 1519, of an era whose habits and morals strip it of much glamor when we are transplanted into it by a realist like the author of "The White Gods."

The story deals with the Cortez campaign to the time when he had definitely conquered the Aztec capital, Mexico. Then Friedenthal parts him from Marina and returns him immediately, it would appear, to Spain, and in an Epilogue, in which time is not mentioned, has him die burdened with the curse of ill-gotten treasure and his body eventually taken to Oaxaca, Mexico, to be placed beside the body of Marina. Cortez, of course, remained in Mexico some years after the Conquest, and did not die until 1547. The final resting place of his ashes seems not to be established beyond doubt.

The bulk of the text, however, is so packed with the play of incidents, and with living, moving figures who are more than names, and by its wealth of intimate details conveys such an impression of actuality, that it is as vivid as a powerful talking picture. The page illustrations are fashioned upon reproductions of old prints.

History

GERMAN DIPLOMATIC DOCUMENTS, 1871-1914. Selected and translated by E. T. S. DUGDALE. Volume III, THE GROWING ANTAGONISM, 1898-1910. Harpers. 1931.

The great collection of German diplomatic documents, "Die Grosse Politik der Europäischen Kabinette," 1871-1914, has long been indispensable for any thorough study of pre-war diplomacy, but its forty volumes naturally repel all but the professional historians. It was therefore a good idea to make a selection of the more important documents available in an English translation. Such an edition provides an admirable complement to any one of half a dozen well-known books on the origins of the war, from which the reader can learn at first hand something of the methods of German diplomacy, the personality of its directors and the general atmosphere of European politics. The translator has added references to numerous other works which supplement the German documents. Within a certain limit Mr. Dugdale's enterprise deserves both praise and recommendations.

This limit, however, is rather definite. Because his translation was designed, apparently, for the British public, he has confined himself very largely to the theme of Anglo-German relations from 1898, when Joseph Chamberlain first suggested an Anglo-German alliance, to 1910, when negotiations for a limitation of naval armaments broke down. Fifteen of the thirty-one chapters deal with some aspect of this problem, and in many others it bulks rather large. The result is a one-sided picture of the European scene. A brief chapter disposes of the first Moroccan crisis (April, 1904-June, 1905) and does so quite superficially. The Bosnian crisis of 1908-1909, which came near ushering in the Great War, is given twenty-two pages, and the Cretan question, which was always a side-issue, eighteen pages; there is almost nothing about the famous and fateful meeting of Aehrenthal and Isvolsky at Buchlan, although each statesman gave his version of the German government, nor is the much-debated note to Russia of March 21, 1909 printed.

It is also remarkable that the Russo-German negotiations for an alliance in the autumn of 1904 and the Treaty of Björkö (July, 1905) are entirely neglected, as is also the Franco-German agreement about Morocco (February, 1909). These omissions are doubtless explained by considerations of space, but they tend to obscure the fact that the complications of the Near East contained more dangers for the peace of Europe than the more spectacular rivalries of Germany with France and Great Britain.

Juvenile

LOUD SING CUCKOO. By EMMA GELDEN STERNE. Illustrated by DOROTHY OWEN. Duffield. 1931. $2.

Such master story tellers as Chaucer and Froissart are figures that children should know, and so we welcome Emma Gelden Sterne's latest historical reconstruction which is built around them. The story deals chiefly with a little orphaned girl and a young English noble but it is full of people and happenings of the time. The culminating event is the uprising of Wat the Tyler which was distinctly a popular affair. Thus the common people play a large part in the story and there are many sad details of misery and oppression. But that is because the reconstruction is careful and thorough and Miss Sterne has pictured all the many sides of life in fifteenth century England. We see gay street scenes, May day celebrations, and even strolling players as well. And then there is a Chaucer with his stories. The author has included the best. "The Cock and the Fox" and that most dramatic "Pardoner's Tale." Chaucer's own mission to the Duke of Genoa, one of the few known events of his life, is worked into the action and provides interesting glimpes of life in Flanders and France along the journey. Perhaps the most vivid scene of all is the wedding of the Duke of Genoa's daughter which takes place as the ambassadors from England arrive.

The chief charm of the book is a certain graciousness in the telling which at its best is poetry and at its worst lapses into mere lingo. Dorothy Owen has made charming use of the many possibilities for illustration.

Miscellaneous

MY HUNTING SKETCHBOOK, Volume II. Written and illustrated by LIONEL EDWARDS. Scribner's. 1930. $8.

A volume such as this one, even though it may be compiled from the artist's by-product, so to speak, is always welcome to the admirers of Lionel Edwards who easily ranks first among the sporting illustrators of the day. Edwards makes no claim to the humor of such sporting artists as John Leech or "Phiz," or even Henry Alken. But his paintings have the true atmosphere of the English hunting field and his horses are very re[illegible]rses. It is pleasant, also, to be taken int[illegible] confidence of such a popular artist and [illegible]vhy certain of his paintings, which are [illegible]duced in color, failed to achieve the [illegible]s for which they were intended. In [illegible]n there are many reproductions in [illegible] and white of elementary studies.

All in all the [illegible]nd volume of his "Sketchbook" is [illegible]. The text, written by Mr. Ed[illegible] a veteran fox hunter himself is exceedingly interesting. One regrets, however, to note a vein of pessimism running through it touching upon the future of fox hunting in England. The breaking up of the great estates, the motor car, and high taxation, are only a few of the influences upon which Mr. Edwards is prone to turn a dubious eye. But, as he says himself, fox hunting has been n "unconscionable time a-dying," and so possibly, like threatened men, it will live long. In any event Lionel Edwards has done his share toward perpetuating it on canvas and in book illustrations. The warm coloring, the sentiment, and the very "feel" of England's most colorful sport are in his work.

CONFERENCE ON THE PRESS. Princeton University Press.

BLANKETY-BLANK. By *Ruth Harding Pack.* Minton, Balch. $1.

BIRD MEMORIES OF THE ROCKIES. By *Enos A. Mills.* Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

RURAL BANKING REFORM. By *Charles Wallace Collins.* Macmillan. $2.

THE STORY OF LIP READING. By *Fred DeLand.* Revised and completed by *Harriet Andrews Montague.* Volta Bureau, 1063 35th St., N. W. Washington, D. C.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS. By *John Hix.* Sears, $1.75.

YOU AND YOUR HAND. By *Cheiro.* Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.

HEARING AND THE SCHOOL CHILD. By *John L. Waldman, Francis A. Wade,* and *Carl W. Aretz.* Washington, D. C.: Volta Bureau. $2.10.

Religion

WHICH WAY RELIGION? By HARRY F. WARD. Macmillan. 1931. $2.

Mr. Ward is professor of Christian Ethics in the Union Theological Seminary, which lately has become once more interested in theology—that is, in the contribution of religion to thought—rather than in ethics. Next door there has been erected the Riverside Church, where Dr. Fosdick is giving his major attention to the rescuing of Protestantism from ugliness. It is easy to see, in this book, even though Dr. Ward names no names, that these tendencies worry him more than a little. He is a prophet, bent on the realization in the world of the Christian ethic. He sees a mechanist society, politically organized in the state, demanding the submission of individuals to its mass purposes, and he sees next to no one righteously resistant. He rightly sees this secularization as the enemy of the human spirit, and anti-Christ. Hildebrand in him seeks a modern utterance.

But the difference between the medieval Pope and Dr. Ward is that the former had behind him a great, united mass of religious people, while in Dr. Ward's day religion—especially Protestant Christianity—is as amorphous, as unsubstantial as a mist. The reason there is little resistance to the demands of greed and the roars of nationalist patriotism is that the spiritual dynamic is missing. Resistance to the world and the flesh is the product of religion, not its antecedent cause. That point Dr. Ward fails to see, and, at least in the opinion of this reviewer, that overlooking knocks flat a good deal of his earnest argument. If he wishes some effective martyrs, he will need more mystics, more sound theology, and more real worship among his co-religionists.

The trouble is that to Dr. Ward religion is an attitude toward the world of men, from which one infers an attitude toward God. Jesus reversed this in his two-fold commandment of love, and indeed every other great religionist has done so. The mystics are not people, as Dr. Ward says, who have sinned "in their abandonment of the world as evil." They are rather those who, having turned from the world to God, have then turned from God again to the world with clearer seeing eyes. It is such people who have cared to resist the *mores.* It is in the long run only such people who dare resist them. Before Dr. Ward writes another honest, sincere, but blundering book like this, he might well ponder St. Francis or St. Ambrose or St. Catherine or St. Theresa, or, if he prefers Protestants, John Wesley or the Quakers of the earlier days. These were all mystics first, and rebels because of it.

Dr. Ward writes well and challengingly. Despite this basic weakness of his, the book is well worth anybody's reading.

For a gay vacation—

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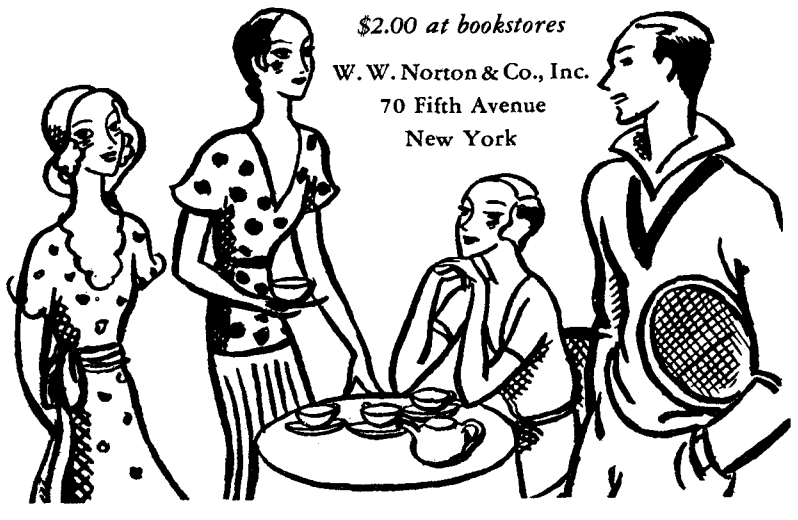
Come for a week-end and stay with the nicest, happiest family that ever lived in the English country . . . Here is a book full of delightful people and good times and nice dry malice . You'll get two giggles out of every page and a general warm sensation of enjoying yourself immensely. Do come—it will be so jolly!



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The Reader's Guide

By MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*

E. J. M., Urbana, Ill., asks if there is a book on the technique of acting that could be used as a text in teaching children from five to fourteen? There is indeed: "Amateur Acting and Play Production," by Wayne Campbell, professor of dramatics at Oklahoma City University (Macmillan), goes into details on the technique of expression on the stage, and though it is meant for actors who, though young, are older than the younger of these years, its advice can be easily relayed to children by the director. For quite young children "The Little Theatre in School," by Lillian Foster Collins (Dodd, Mead), would make a valuable guide and companion; it goes in strong for play-making and gives four plays written with and largely by children, but it also sets the mind of an inexperienced leader at rest in matters of production and performance. For older amateurs, take "Modern Acting," by Helena Chalmers (Appleton), an excellent guide.

C. H. L. Jackson Heights, N. Y., asks for books on Whistler. The Pennells's "Life of James McNeill Whistler" (Lippincott) is now in its sixth edition; it has been lately reinforced by Elizabeth Robins Pennell's "Whistler the Friend" (Lippincott); the Pennells also edited the "Whistler Journal" (Lippincott). The latest book on the artist to appear is James Laver's "Whistler" (Cosmopolitan), a fine study, not hero-worship but sympathetic; it includes the old *Harper's Magazine* Du Maurier sketch of him as "Joe Sibley," which was prudently left out of the book of "Trilby." "The Whistler Book," by Sadakichi Hartmann, is published by Page; Putnam publishes his "Gentle Art of Making Enemies" and Mosher his "Twelve O'Clock"; Mrs. Pennell's "The Art of Whistler" is in the Modern Library; Dutton publishes a sumptuous "Portraits of Whistler," by A. E. Gallatin, and "Recollections by J. A. McNeill Whistler," by A. J. Eddy, is issued by Lippincott.

E. H., Mishawaka, Indiana, and E. F., Stockton, Cal. ask for suggestions for a study club now choosing from novels of recent publication and announced for publication, such as would reward club consideration.

"FAREWELL to India," by Edward Thompson (Dutton), is out, and seems to me as nearly as a novel can come to an actual visit. It does not argue or unduly take sides; if it does not treat Gandhi with veneration it does treat him with respect, and the talk is unmistakably true talk. I would put it with "Bengal Lancer" and "Passage to India." Maud Diver's "Ships of Youth" (Houghton Mifflin) has an Indian scene but the actors are English; this is already a best-seller. The most astonishing best-seller of recent years is "Hatter's Castle," by A. J. Cronin (Little, Brown), acclaimed everywhere in England, as long as "The Good Companions" and as consistently and continuously unpleasant as that famous flood of sunshine was pleasant to read. Yet "Hatter's Castle" clearly is one of those books that must be read—even all the way through, once you begin. I am more interested in his next book, whatever that may be. "The Sun in his Own House," by Warrene Piper (Houghton Mifflin), is the second of a series, a quiet, deeply interesting record of a young man whose extraordinary strength and distinction of character makes way in spite of peculiarly bad handicaps; notice its remarkable conversation between an invalid and the doctor who is showing him why he is not—as he fears—growing weak in the mind; many an invalid would be the better for reading this. J. E. Buckrose's "Silhouette of Mary Ann" (Stokes) is biography in dialogue, beginning with the life of George Eliot amid the surroundings made famous by "The Mill on the Floss" and continuing to its close in Chelsea. "Ambrose Holt and Family," by Susan Glaspell (Stokes), is to my way of thinking her best novel since "Glory of the Conquered"; it is a straightforward story but the underlying idea is subtle as Pirandello. There is a new edition of Anne Douglas Sedgwick's shrewd study of the artistic (musicianly) temperament, "Tante" (Houghton Mifflin), to remind us that she did not begin to write with "The Little French Girl." "The Loving Spirit," by Daphne Du Maurier (Doubleday, Doran), I haven't seen yet, but I would read anything with kind feelings if it were, like this, written by the grand-daughter of the blessed George.

The subject of Ford Madox Ford's "When the Wicked Man" (Boni) should recommend it to readers wanting studies of character, for it deals with a New York business man; they should also choose R. H. Mottram's "Castle Island" (Harper), for it involves a wife's part in her husband's career. . . . I would take G. B. Stern's "The Shortest Night" (Knopf), if but to prove to such members of the group as do not like detective stories that a murder mystery may be also a good novel. Though I hasten to add that it need not be to fulfil its right to live.

It is among the titles of novels as yet only announced, though for publication within a reasonable time, that I can flap about irresponsibly. For instance, I can hardly wait for the appearance of "Queens of Tilling," by E. F. Benson (Doubleday, Doran), for I am assured that in this novel the peerless Lucia of Riseholme (and Brompton) whose fortunes I have followed so closely that I have several times rebought "Queen Lucia" and "Lucia in London" when they have been borrowed away from me— is to meet Miss Mapp, that spinster on the boil whose adventures made me visit Rye (where they are supposed to have occurred) and purchase one of the "rainbow piggies" she was wont to collect. I am especially anxious to get a sight of A. A. Milne's "Two People" (Dutton), because I am always anxious to get a sight of anything by A. A. Milne, and I want to read "Two Worlds," by Vicki Baum (Doubleday, Doran) because I found her "Grand Hotel" even better as a novel than as a play, and heaven knows it was good enough as a play. I don't know what Louis Bromfield's "A Modern Hero" (Stokes) will be like, but I am predisposed to like it, and so, I fancy, are a great many other American readers. Admirers of Knut Hamsun's "Vagabond" (Coward-McCann) will reach for its sequel "August," which is said to be in a different vein, but still in a happy one, and those who followed the fortunes of Hugh Walpole's "Rogue Herries" (Doubleday, Doran) will welcome the novel about his daughter, "Judith Paris." Naturally "Maid in Waiting" will be welcomed; it will be the first new novel from John Galsworthy in four years. "The Pastor of Poggsee," by Gustav Frenssen (Houghton Mifflin) is already out; it is in one sense a story of the war years in Germany, in another a statement of German idealism *contra* contemporary materialism, in the persuasive manner of Frenssen.

A remarkable novel has just slid into print, "God in the Straw Pen," by John Fort (Dodd, Mead), presenting in a close-woven series of episodes the course of a camp meeting in Georgia a century ago; it is a true historical novel, true to time, place, and character, and with enough of the timeless in it to make it more than historical.

This department does not feel comfortable in so great a departure from its standards as speaking about books it has not read, but I cannot let slip the chance of saying that after Emily Hahn's "Seductio ad Absurdam" (Brewer, Warren & Putnam) which contained the germs of some eighteen complete and excellent novels, I am willing to take a chance on her own first effort at continuous fiction, "Beginner's Luck," which the same house promises for August.

E. N., Baltimore, Md., some time ago saw a review of a book, autobiographical in nature, by a Chinese woman who was a member of the court of the Dowager Empress, but has forgotten title and author. It must be either "Old Buddha," by the Manchurian Princess Der Ling, lady-in-waiting to the Chinese Empress (Dodd, Mead), or the same author's "Kowtow" (Dodd, Mead), the story of her own life as a child and at the court. Princess Der Ling also wrote "Lotus Petals" and recently, "Two Years in the Forbidden City" (Dodd, Mead) and all of them are fascinating. I keep a strong impression of what the Dowager Empress must have been like, from one reading of "Old Buddha" in the year of its publication.

H. S. L., Pioche, Nevada, has been advised by his customers that "if you want to sell wrought iron hardware you must build the house to put it in." So, being a blacksmith as well as a client of this column, he consults me for books (well illustrated) dealing with hunting lodges, mountain cabins, rustic camps, and the like; books of an architectural nature. Appleton publishes a little book by Brimmer entitled "Camps: Log Cabins; Lodges and Clubhouses." The Architectural Book Company has one by Shapard called "Camps in the Woods." Both of these would be helpful. But this column would welcome further suggestions.

P. H. T. Orono, Maine, and R. S., Boston, Mass., were the first to identify the verse about speaking with some old lover's ghost as the lines that open the poem called "Love's Deity," "by that delightfully stimulating metaphysician John Donne," as R. S. says, recommending "The Poems of John Donne" with an introduction by George Saintsbury, available in a two-volume edition in The Muse's Library, Routledge, London. "Whether this edition is now out of print I cannot say; it were a pity if so, for books in 'The Muse's Library' are of just the right size to slip into the pocket or bag of the omnivorous reader." *P. H. T.* says that Donne seems to be coming back into fashion and calls attention to the new edition of John Donne published by the Oxford University Press. For my own part, I like the looks of the edition published last year by the Nonesuch Press, a lovely compact little volume.

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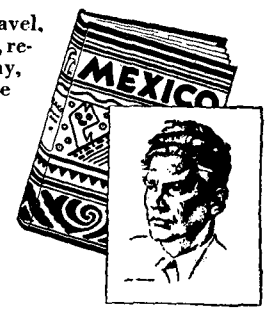

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THE ULSTER COUNTY GAZETTE and Its Illegitimate Offspring. By R. W. G. VAIL. New York: New York Public Library. 1931.

THE ULSTER COUNTY GAZETTE Found at Last. By R. W. G. VAIL. The same.

FOR many years one of the most persistent annoyances of librarians and book dealers has been the quite obviously spurious copies of the *Ulster County Gazette* of January 4, 1800, announcing the death of George Washington. Some of the copies offered possessed a verisimilitude which was perplexing: many of them were so obviously impossible as to be grotesque. But although some seventy-five variants have been collated and noted, no one could find a genuine *Gazette* of that date, although such a newspaper existed, and its history was pretty well known.

In 1930 Mr. Vail wrote the first of these monographs, devoting forty-eight pages to listing and illustrating the various claimants, and telling the story so far as it was known or surmised. And then, in November of last year, out of a clear sky the Library of Congress obtained the genuine *Gazettes* of December 28, 1799, January 4 and 11, 1800! At last the whole story could be written, and so Mr. Vail wrote the last chapter in a twelve-page addendum.

The history of the lost newspaper and its "illegitimate offspring" makes fascinating reading, and ought, as well, to steady the nerves of librarians and booksellers who have been pestered with spurious copies. R.

Libraria

THE HUNTINGTON LIBRARY BULLETIN. Number One. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1931.

THROUGH the Harvard University Press the Huntington Library has brought out the first number of its *Bulletin*, a well gotten out quarto of over two hundred pages. There are two photogravures, of the Library and of Mr. Huntington. The contents include descriptions of the treasures of the Library.

ADDRESS AT THE DEDICATION OF THE STERLING MEMORIAL LIBRARY at Yale University on April 11, 1931. New Haven: Yale University Library. 1931.

THE addresses included in this volume are those of Librarian Keogh, Mr. John A. Garver, President Angell, Mr. Herbert Putnam, and Rev. Henry S. Coffin. One hundred and fifty copies have been bound in blue boards and cloth back, with a paper label. R.

Leonardo da Vinci

THE ROMANCE OF LEONARDO DA VINCI. By DMITRI MEREJKOWSKI. New York: Random House. 1931. $5.

THIS is an unlimited edition of the complete and unabridged translation of Merejkowski's story of Leonardo, by Bernard G. Guerney illustrated with reproductions of da Vinci's drawings and one color reproduction of the "Head of Christ."

It was a pretty considerable task to make a wieldy volume out of the very long story of da Vinci. But the volume at hand, containing some 580 pages, is clearly, almost delicately printed. The only flaw is an occasional line too tightly spaced to be easily read. The paper is thin and easily turned. The binding is in ornamented cloth. Altogether a very satisfactory library edition. R.

BOOKS PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM EDWIN RUDGE and by the *Studio*. 1931.

THIS is a complete list of books issued by Rudge and also of *Studio* books taken over by him for sale in this country. There is a complete index and a note on Rudge books now out of print. The list is very finely printed in Baskerville type, and the arrangement of titles and other information has been well handled.

TYPOGRAPHY: A Catalogue by BIRRELL & GARNETT. London. 1931.

THIS is a priced catalogue of books on printing, supplementing and continuing, though in brief entries only, the same dealers' "Type-Specimen Catalogue" of 1928. Any printer will become ravenous just by looking through its pages. R.

The Latest "Colophon"

THE *Colophon* has now become an institution, welcomed both for its contents and because it *is* a "printer's holiday." Just as there is no warrant to suppose that a given subject must have a definite typographic dress, so there is no reason why all magazines should be printed in uniform typography. The *Colophon* has achieved a pleasant and provocative distinction by having each of its contributions printed in a different way, and by a number of printing houses. On the whole the present number offers some attractive variations on the typographic theme: for instance Stanley Morison's account of Captain Edward Topham is set in Caslon type and printed in three columns to the page, savoring of a newspaper of the eighteenth century which only could beget a Topham.

The recrudescence of nineteenth century type faces of doubtful antecedents and more than doubtful character goes on, encouraged by the Pynson Printers and the Grabhorns. Alongside them appear Caslon (of course), Baskerville (in the recent admirable linotype cutting), Janson, Garamond, and Brimmer. None of the recent fine English monotype faces appear: they are so admirable for book work that one regrets not to see them in American printing. As for the newer school of German printing, its absence is scarcely to be deplored, since it looks out of place in this country—some of the results of the modernistic trend in typography have been almost as bad as the architecture of the New School for Social Research!

Of the contents it is not so easy to write: for a printer it is difficult to see the wood for the trees at times, and to know whether the text supports the typography or *vice versa*. One gets that way after dealing with type for many years. But even if there is a hint of amateurishness in the editing one forgives it because of the firm conviction that the best work is always done by intelligent amateurs.

Mr. Underhill's opening article on first editions of Huck Finn would have delighted Mark Twain, might even have provoked him to a humorous outburst on collectors of "firsts." The details of the long-forgotten shop-operations which now perplex the collectors of Mark Twain's story are amusing enough. Mr. Rogers's rambling reminiscences of Edwin A. Abbey when that superb draftsman was with the old *Harpers Magazine* will be good, if somewhat sad, reading for those who bemoan the rise of the half-tone plate and the consequent deterioration of the "standard" magazines.

Mr. Harding writes of the "*Pacific News*," Willa Cather and A. E. Coppard of their getting into print, Burns and Richard Savage are considered in different phases by Mr. Ferguson and Miss Osborne, Miss Taylor writes of "The Way of the Best Seller," and Mr. Morison of "Captain Edward Topham."

There is an unusually good linoleum cut by K. M. Ballantyne. And to lend preliminary zest to the whole number Mr. Cleland has contributed a cover of a grace and charm which are so often lacking from American work as to make this one exceptional. R.

HOMER: The Iliad. Pope's translation. New York: Random House. (London: Nonesuch Press.) 1931. $33.50.

ASTROPHEL AND STELLA, by SIR PHILIP SIDNEY. Edited by Monica Wilson. New York: Random House. (London: Nonesuch Press.) 1931. $5.

OF all the modern presses devoted to continuous publication of books, none, I think, can compare with the Nonesuch Press for the soundness of its titles and the

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beauty of its productions. Whether it publishes a bijou like the "Week End Book" for a nominal price, or a really fine book like this Iliad, there is upon its volume the unmistakable stamp of genius in bookmaking, the sure touch of the accomplished and competent designer. Nonesuch books share with only a few others that feeling for the book as book which is the highest point to which the typographer can aspire.

The Iliad is issued in a really lovely red Niger morocco binding, with gold fillet lines on the covers and an upstanding title. The paper is unusual—a dark toned, rag sheet, with very narrow chain marks and deckle edges, very thin, inasmuch as there are nearly a thousand pages in the book measuring only a little over one and three-quarters inches thick between the boards.

Greek and English texts are placed on opposite pages, and there are no notes, no introduction, no excursus. The title page is brevity itself: "Homer The Iliad Pope" in three lines. The Greek letter is by the Dutch designer, van Krimpen, and a pleasant modern Greek it is: the roman type is the monotype Cochin, a type face not quite severe enough, I think, for the purpose, though composing into reasonably good pages.

There are, at the head of each book, delicate line decorations, drawn by Rudolph Koch—whose delectable work for the Klingspor type foundry at Offenbach I have had frequent occasion to note. The printing has been done by Enschedé in Haarlem.

It would seem as if we had in this book as satisfactory a modern printing of Poe's translation of the Iliad as could be wished for or expected, within the limits of a practical, handy, one volume format. And as a handsome piece of printing it leaves nothing to be desired.

In the "Astrophel and Stella" another problem had to be met, by no means difficult. Sidney's sonnets have been set in italic type, with introduction and notes in roman of a small, very clear face. As usual, italics used throughout a text make for weariness of the eye—even thought the italic be so good as this is. But the book is a book of verse, and so can stand the italics better than prose.

The paper is van Gelder, the printing is by the Kynoch Press, and the binding is in ornamented paper boards.

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE WORKS OF EUGENE O'NEILL. By RALPH SANBORN and BARRETT H. CLARK. Random House. New York: 1931.

MR. EUGENE O'NEILL has always been a dramatist whose plays it has been considered unusually intelligent to admire. Filled with gloom in all its phases, miscegenation, violent insanity, and tuberculosis sanitoriums, these plays have invariably started a furor of appreciation among the intellectual aristocracy whenever they have been produced: they have consistently made human life a little worse than it is ordinarily supposed to be, and have emphasized hopelessness with an energy suggestive of medieval sermons to sinners. The late Thomas Hardy, in his gentle way, used fate as the great stumbling-block over which his characters fell prostrate; Mr. O'Neill, without allowing his people even that excuse, pursues them all firmly, except the Chinese in "Marco Millions," to their own particular kind of inferno where, with perfect self-possession, he deserts them in torture. "The present work," Mr. Clark writes in his introdutcion, "was undertaken in order to express our [his and Mr. Sanborn's] enthusiasm for the art of Mr. O'Neill, and our unbounded respect for the consistent and uncompromising character of his uninterrupted labors during the seventeen years of his career as a writer"—it might perhaps have been happier if such sentiments could have found some other manner of expression.

This bibliography is, on the whole, an amazing book from the frontispiece illustration of the Pleiades Club Year Book for 1912 (to which Mr. O'Neill contributed a single poem on page 120) to the fifty-one pages at the end devoted to reprinting hitherto uncollected poems. Covers of the *Smart Set*, the *Seven Arts Magazine*, and the *Theatre Arts Magazine* are reproduced as solemnly as the title-page of "Thirst" (Mr. O'Neill's first book, entry number 4), or the bindings of "Beyond the Horizon": periodical and newspaper contributions are listed with collations of the magazines and notes about the newspapers: and letters that have appeared in volumes by other individuals—two of Mr. Clark's own works are thus introduced—are treated as part of the actual O'Neill canon. It is unusual, certainly, to put everything into a single list, and to give the impression that first magazine appearances are to be considered of equal importance with books written wholly by the author who is being described: no one else seems to have attempted it before with so much elaboration, and the result of the present performance is hardly encouraging. Entries of this kind—"50—A letter to the press, entitled 'Eugene O'Neill Writes about his Latest Play,' on p. 6 of the Drama Section of the New York *Evening Post*, a newspaper published week-days in New York City, issue of February 13, 1926. This was also printed under various titles in other New York papers the following day": "52—Reproductions of two original sketches of settings in 'Dynamo' on p. 4M of the New York *Evening Post*, issue for February 9, 1929": and "70—New York *World:* Reproductions of two original sketches of settings for 'Dynamo' on p. 2M of the New York *World*, a daily newspaper published in New York City, issue for February 10, 1929"—while they may in the future be invaluable to students of Mr. O'Neill's literary life, are out of place in a serious bibliography: their inclusion betrays not only a deficient sense of proportion, but an utter lack of experience in work of this character. The collations are done with reasonable accuracy, except for the use of "half-title" to describe both an actual half-title and a divisional page included in the pagination of a book, and the notes are generally good. Then there is also the odd practice, done apparently for the sake of the typographical error school, of listing "Errors for Identification" which are followed quickly by the statement that "these errors are common to all issues and printings of this volume"—under such conditions it is rather difficult to understand why they are mentioned at all. Part II of the book is devoted to "Critical Matter on O'Neill; Unpublished Plays; and Anthologies," while Part III, prefaced by a note to the reader that the "following poems are examples of Mr. O'Neill's earliest work [which] he was extremely reluctant to have reprinted, but he has graciously given his consent in order that this record might be completed," concludes the whole. At some future time it may become evident that enthusiasm is not the single requirement for writing a good bibliography; in fact, it is often the one quality to be without since it seldom lives through the strain of long, hard work. And certainly so much more might have been accomplished in this instance if, with less display of enthusiasm, in the mouth-filling phrase of Mr. Clark's for the "uncompromising character of Mr. O'Neill's uninterrupted labors," a more exhaustive study of the best available bibliographies had been made and followed.

G. M. T.

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The Doubleday Doran Book Shops have compiled a list known as "*A Home Library of Fifty Books*," which they believe makes for a *basic library*. On this roll of honor are works as indispensable and as unduplicable as the Bible and *The Outline of History*.

Is it any wonder therefore that *The Inner Sanctum* exulted when two of its own recent publications were included among these "famous fifty"?

The two *Inner Sanctum* selections are *The Story of Philosophy* by WILL DURANT and *Men of Art* by THOMAS CRAVEN.

Memorabilia and marginalia: The final installment of FRANK HARRIS's long-heralded biography of G. B. S. has just arrived from Nice. . . . It is not "officially authorized," but written from "voluntarily supplied data," and overflowing with epistolary, prefatory, and bellicose Shaviana of the first order. . . . Publication date October 20th, but alert collectors will not wait that long. . . . Can you imagine eavesdropping on a 100,000-word conversation (or intercepting a voluminous intimate correspondence) between the titan of English letters and the Man Who Gave Him His First Break (figure out which is which)? . . . That is the only way to suggest the alarming and authoritative candor of this reminiscential biography of George Bernard Shaw. . . . *Living Philosophies*, *Adventures In Genius*, *Scotch*, and *The Pure In Heart* continue to lead on the Essandess sales chart this week. . . . The first seventeen series of the original Cross Word Puzzle Books have been reduced to one dollar. . . . Series eighteen to twenty, inclusive, are still $1.35, and still best-sellers from the rock-ribbed coast of Maine, etc. . . . The next *Inner Sanctum* publication date will be Thursday, August 6th, when a volume of *Viennese Novelettes* is released, with hautboys and alarums, by those fervent devotees of Schubert, Strauss and Schnitzler—

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The PHŒNIX NEST

SIR WILLIAM OSLER has been called the "greatest physician in history," and in response to a popular request, the Oxford University Press is bringing out in the Fall a "Short Life of Sir William Osler," by *Edith Gittings Reid*. Mrs. Reid was an intimate friend of Sir William and Lady Osler and their family, both in the Baltimore days and at Oxford. . . .

More returns on *Eden Phillpotts!* We shall have to wind up these comments shortly. As it is we can only acknowledge some by the name of the correspondent, and print but little. Here is a letter from *William Lyon Phelps* of Yale:

> I was amused by Mr. Ficke's letter in your issue of July 4th on Eden Phillpotts, whom he has "just discovered." I have been reading Mr. Phillpotts's novels for twenty-five years, and enjoy them very much. I saw his play in London called "The Farmer's Wife," which ran for over two years; and his play "Yellow Sands" which was also very successful. He is not unknown.

Blanche C. Smith, in a very pleasant letter, mentions Phillpotts's "Pan and the Twins" as one of her favorites. She writes from Weston, West Virginia. We ourselves are getting the Widecombe edition of the Dartmoor novels through the kindness of Macmillan. *Mrs. Harold P. Brown* of Evanston, Illinois, says Phillpotts's "The Children of the Mist" stirred her greatly and made her a Phillpotts devotee some thirty years ago:

> "Sons of the Morning" is a close second, and "The River" is so magnificent that it perhaps outclasses them all. I give the titles from memory, which shows how these books tower over the many of lesser metal read more recently and forgotten.

Mrs. Brown cannot agree, however, that Phillpotts is greater than Hardy. "But to say that he is less the artist still leaves him a deservedly high rank. . . ."

Vicki Baum's husband is *Richard Lert*, chief conductor of the Berlin State Opera. He arrived not so long ago in New York for his first visit to America and has accompanied his wife to Hollywood. . . .

As an illustration of the way authors write it is said that *Stuart Chase* spells awfully, writes in longhand rapidly, and plans a book by jotting down notes on cards, five by eight inches. "Mexico" took him almost a year to prepare and only two and a half months to write. He gets himself in a writing mood by swimming, walking, or playing tennis with such vigor that it is a wonder he has any energy left for work. . . .

Having finished his new novel, "The Harbormaster," *William McFee* is lecturing to the summer school students at Penn State College. . . .

Harold Lamb, author of "The Crusades" and "The Flame of Islam," is spending the summer in California at his camp in the redwoods. . . .

Eric Fitch Daglish, whose "Life Stories of Beasts" will come from William Morrow & Company this fall, is not of the sentimental school of animal worshippers. He says his five-year-old son says: "Oh, look —the blackbird is going to eat the snail!" without any obituaries for the snail. . . .

On the Stokes fall list will be a new novel by *Louis Bromfield*, entitled "A Modern Hero." This firm also expects a fine fall sale for *General Pershing's* "My Experiences in the World War." . . .

Frank Shay, collector of sea chanties and ribald barroom ballads, and also already author of one mystery story, has now written a second thriller, published in July by the Macaulay Company. The scene is laid among the artist and fisher colonists of Provincetown, where Shay spends most of his time. . . .

Carolyn Wells is collecting a miniature world. She confesses that she cannot resist toys, "silver sofas, chairs, and tables, yachts, full-rigged ships, and canal boats, a windmill, palanquin, coach-and-four, pagoda, a sleigh—none of them three inches in length and all the work of master-craftsmen and silversmiths. Time and again I vow I will buy no more of these infantile playthings, and then I am tempted and fall for a grand piano, in gold filagree, perfect in every detail and less than three inches in length." . . .

The Oxford University Press tells us that *Edmund Blunden*, the English poet, has written a long introduction and edited "Sketches in the Life of *John Clare*." The story Clare tells of his early life and struggles is a moving one. All who do not know his work should make the acquaintance of this bucolic poet of the past. Mr. Blunden edited his poetry a few years ago. It will be remembered that Clare was visited by frequent attacks of insanity and was confined in a madhouse. The Oxford Press will publish the "Sketches" in the early fall. . . .

The Macmillan Company have postponed the publication of a new book of poems by *James Stephens*, entitled "Strict Joy and Other Poems," until September. That's one book of poems we shall be on the sharp lookout for! . . .

Eunice Tietjens, back from Moorea, Society Islands, South Seas, has brought with her a juvenile which Coward-McCann will publish this fall. She spent nine months in a village of two hundred and fifty Polynesians and six white people. She reports that the only American innovations which the natives tolerate are chewing-gum, phonographs, canned salmon, and movies. They prefer "westerns" in the last-named, *Tom Mix* or *Ken Maynard*. They boo loudly at the love scenes, considering them disgusting, but they yell with delight when the hero pursues the villain who has just abducted the heroine. . . .

Thoreau Item. After Thoreau left Walden and probably after his death, the hut he built at Walden Pond was moved to a farm outside of Concord. There annually descendants of Emerson and Hosmer went for a picnic. Later the farm was bought by a Mr. Sullivan who used the materials of the hut in building a barn. When the property came into the possession of Mrs. Dodge of Concord, the barn was reconstructed and Thoreau's timbers, still easily distinguishable, were saved and are in her possession. She has also two of his lead pencils, stamped with his and with his brother's names. . . .

Salaam!

THE PHŒNICIAN.

NEW BOOKS WE RECOMMEND

THE CALIPH OF BAGDAD—O. Henry

By *Robert H. Davis* and *Arthur B. Maurice*. This definitive life of O. Henry is "a fascinating story told with justice and broad-mindedness and an insistence upon truth."—*The Forum*. Illustrated. $3.50

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By *R. J. Minney*. A biography of the famous general whose military genius and gift for leadership established the British power in India. "A straight-forward story of a colorful man."—*New York Herald Tribune* Illustrated. $5.00

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